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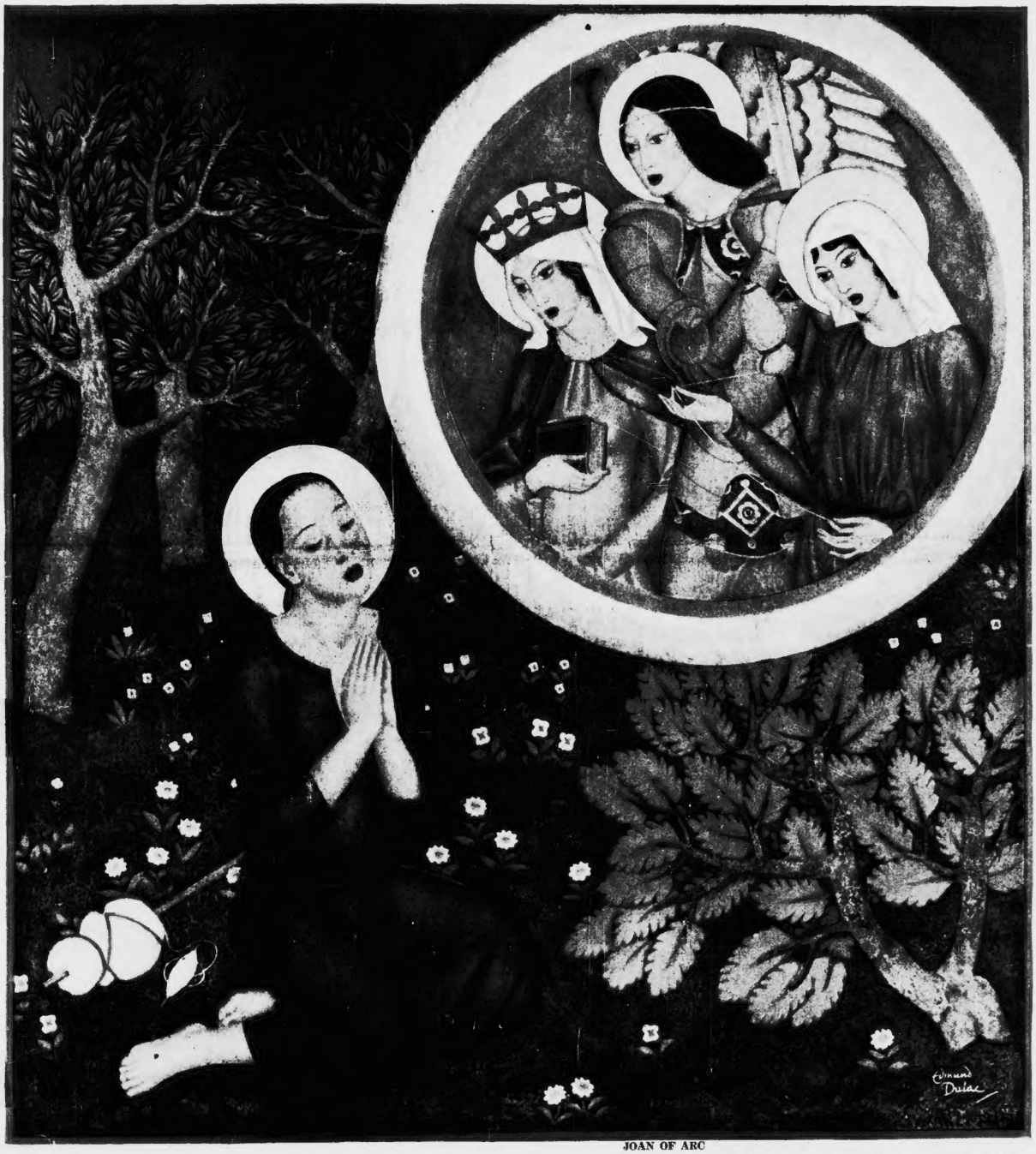


JOAN OF ARC

Fighting Women

By the Distinguished English Artist — Edmund Dulac

JOAN of Arc was a simple 15th Century peasant girl who tended her father's flocks —but she heard voices and had visions. Here artist Dulac portrays the revelation that turned her from a child into a fighting woman. Her hands joined in prayer as she sat on the flower-spotted grass, Joan saw St. Margaret and St. Catherine and between them the Archangel Michael, leader of the celestial armies, clad in armor, with upraised sword.

They told her that she was to be the savior of France, that she would gather its armies to win her nation back from the invading English, and restore the crown to Charles VII. She did it.

She was captured through treachery and sold by the French to the English. The humble Joan of Arc is now a Saint.

Why The Japs Can't Find The Gold In China

ANCIENT China, for which the title "tinderbox of Asia" has proven tragically apt, hasn't lost its ancient wisdom in the present conflagration of war. Unwilling to let its fabulous store of gold and jewels melt in the flames of conquest, the children of the dragon are smuggling fortunes out of their nation every day.

Curiously enough, even though they are causing their heirlooms to be scattered over the face of the earth, the Chinese themselves are remaining to the end, no matter what the end may be.

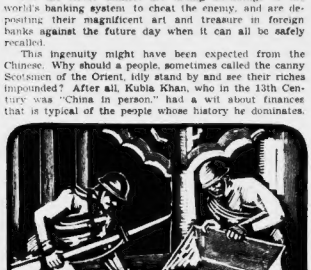
Thus the invading forces find men to fight them, but in defeating these discover nothing of the riches that China had until recently. They find the temples of Chinese ancestors already stripped, the shrines dismantled, the mansions threadbare. The great mandarin collections, diamonds as big as knuckles, lustrous pearls as big as olives, rubies, emeralds, and great quantities of lesser stones—all are vanished, as if Aladdin had unrubbed his lamp and caused everything in the jeweled caves to go away.

The fact is that except for isolated caches, the Japanese are met, not with vast replenishments for their titanic war budget, but coffers that are empty—the mere shells of wealth. But what has happened to the heirlooms?

Much of it is taking a short vacation, after long centuries of repose in China, in London's bank vaults. According to reports, London is the favorite shipping place, although the Bronx, in New York, is also said to be receiving its share.

For the clever Chinese are taking advantage of the world's banking system to cheat the enemy, and are depositing their magnificent art and treasure in foreign banks against the future day when it can all be safely recalled.

This ingenuity might have been expected from the Chinese. Why should a people, sometimes called the canny Scotsmen of the Orient, idly stand by and see their riches impounded? After all, Kubla Khan, who in the 13th Century was "China in person," had a wit about finances that is typical of the people whose history he dominates.



The Looting Soldiers, With Bayonets Fixed, Raid the Temples and Palatial Houses, But to Their Surprise the Coffers Are Empty and the Shrines Are Stripped.

He devised paper money and paid more for gold and jewels with this paper than anybody else could afford to. His empire was so strong that his paper money was as good as gold. But since the paper money did not cost him anything, he could buy all the rarities that were brought to him, and so his coffers became the richest in the world. From India and a hundred and one nations came dealers with the finest treasures, and they all sold to the emperor, as Marco Polo recorded in his Travels.

And now the equally provident men of China are "boarding out" their fantastically valuable gewgaws. Jewels worth a king's ransom are said to be smuggled into the British capital every week. For the most part, however, the treasures are not put on sale, but sent there for safekeeping.

In spite of the fact that this might have been expected, the Japanese are reported to be upset and dismayed by the trend. They are said to have counted heavily on the booty of conquest, and are embarrassed to realize that it is easier to administer death in China than it is to collect taxes.

Often the men who secretly send the wealth out of China have never themselves set foot out of their land and have no intention of ever doing so. They do not intend to follow their wealth out, the way many refugees have done. They prefer to die fighting in the land of their birth and traditions.

Many of the owners realize that they may never set eyes again on the treasures which they have sent abroad. But this, to the fatalistic Chinese, does not matter. If they are killed, that does not matter. If it is ten, twenty or thirty years before the invader is driven out they will still have the patience that is necessary.

But they know that the day will surely come when China will again be free, when the wealth can be returned, and when their families—those descendants and heirs who are still alive—can receive what is theirs.

It is said that this certainty prevents a wholesale cashing-in on their priceless possessions. These have a sentimental value far beyond mere life. Generations may come and go; and so may wars, but their intricate and magnificent art is not tied down to such contingencies.

They are ready to sell their bric-a-brac, but unless the danger of extermination comes up, there is some question whether the sacred relics of their ancestors will be sold by the Chinese.

If the day is put off indefinitely when the relics may be returned, it is still, in the opinion of the Chinese, better for the heirlooms to remain intact in foreign strong-rooms than for them to be desecrated and converted by the Japanese into added war-power.

It is said by some disinterested observers that the inability of Japan to close all China's ports and land routes to the further export of treasures is rapidly depriving the great land in back of the Great Wall of all advantages—in terms of conquest.

For the history of the Japanese has already shown that they are not colonists by nature. Therefore, except for the "cash" value of China, they stand little to gain, and the cash is rapidly dwindling.

They may, it is true, try to avenge their unexpected loss by greater pillage. But even if this is done, the point remains that the invaders are the losers, no matter what the apparent and immediate outcome may be.

Divorcing Her Hindu Husband Because She Loves Him So Much

"OH, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." So runs the familiar argument from Rudyard Kipling's "Ballad of East and West" that for 40 years has been the proverbial objection to marriage with Orientals.

More than 21 years ago, Frieda Hauswirth, a Swiss-American girl with several college degrees and strong feminist views, read what Kipling wrote and called it "Hooey." She tossed the book aside and married Sarangather Das, a high caste Hindu. If ever a mixed marriage should have worked out, this was it. Both had gone to college together in California. With education, outlook and later even wealth to share, they managed from the start to avoid the pitfalls of run-of-the-mill marriages.

Yet Mrs. Das returned to San Francisco recently, a sadder and wiser woman, and admitted ruefully that Kipling was right after all. She and her Hindu husband had tried their best to make their marriage succeed, but it was like opposing a stone wall to fight the rigidity of India's caste system.

His Brahmin friends thought his wife was outrageous because she talked with him in public. She would not wear a veil, and that, too, was shockingly indecent to this people. She was a reformer and reformists from the day that "Mother India" was written by Katherine Mayo have been looked upon with hostility. But the wrath of the orthodox did not fall only on her. Financial support was withheld from her husband until his business failed.

The Veiled Wives Peeped Fearfully From Behind the Heavy Curtains at This Bold Foreign Woman Who Actually Mingled With Married Men and Wore Nothing Over Her Face.

At last the couple had to admit defeat and Mrs. Das came here for a divorce and restoration of her American citizenship which she had forfeited when she married Das in 1917. She loves him as much as ever—too much to destroy his life and hers, she says, so she pulled up stakes and left the land of ancient taboos.

Das himself was a member of the Kshatria or governing caste in the Province of Orissa, East India. This is one grade below the Brahman or priestly class, whose claims the Kshatrias have resisted for centuries even though its priestly rules and taboos are adhered to.

His uncle was once prime minister. Das himself was from childhood under the patronage of the maharaja of the province, who sent him to the University of Calcutta to learn sugar chemistry and fit himself for service in the important Orissa industry. Das got his patron's consent to continue his studies at the University of Tokyo. But when, from there, he asked to transfer to the University of California, he was ordered home. Instead, he sailed for America and was cut off from his allowance. He landed in this country without money and with the disturbing knowledge that he never had earned a penny. But by working as a house servant he managed to continue his studies. In 1910, he met Miss Hauswirth, a co-ed at Stanford University, concerned by Hindu problems, who hoped to teach in India. They fell in love.

The last traces of Das' orthodoxy were washed away in his circle of American friends. He got a job as sugar chemist in Hawaii on his graduation and correspondence led Miss Hauswirth to join him there to be married. But even in Hawaii she found herself ostracized by the "white society" for having married outside the Caucasian race.

In spite of this, for three years they continued perfectly happy and in love. Then Das' mother fell ill in India and he went to see her. His wife remained in Hawaii, joining him a year later in Bombay.

There the race prejudice cut both ways. The English turned away from her, and so did the Hindus. She found that race, religion and caste had frozen Hindu society into a bewildering stratification. At the top were the dominating English, below them were the Mohammedans, who looked down on the Hindus. And the Hindus in turn split themselves into many castes.

"I never met my husband's mother," she told reporters. "For her or any other Hindu woman to have associated with me would have meant sacrifice of caste—and that literally means death. His parents went as far as they could to be friendly with me. They sent me gifts and baskets of fruits. Their attitude was not based on personal dislike. It was merely another expression of India's terribly rigid caste system."

Das had a scheme of cooperative sugar management for his native province, and in this connection they went to Cuttack, capital of Orissa and a stronghold of the orthodox Hindu. Scarcely touched by the ferment of Western ideas that is breaking down old barriers in the big cities, it remains stubborn against the slightest "impropriety." Mrs. Das was the only upper caste wife in the little provincial capital who defied "Purdah," which is the Hindu word for seclusion of women from the public by means of the veil and separate living quarters.

When she went to a dinner party with her husband, but without a veil, and mingled freely with the men, the women in the host's household peeped fearfully from behind the heavy curtains hung over the entrance to the women's quarters, called "zenanan." They were both curious and shocked at such conduct.

"Purdah," or the wearing of the veil, is restricted to women of higher castes. Millions of untouchables and low castes yearn to wear a veil but must not. In her book, "Purdah" for Mrs. Das is an authoress of standing—she relates other astonishing conventions of a lady of high rank in India. Many must still observe the Brahmin injunction to wash the feet of their husbands daily and drink of the water, a rite based on the notion that the husband is a god. It is a sacrilege for such a wife to eat at the same table with her husband. She must never marry once he dies. Formerly she even had to commit "sahamarana," or suicide, at the husband's death.

All this nonsense, says Mrs. Das, was brought about by the Brahmin priests who were jealous of the high place of women in the original Hindu religion. So the clever priests rigged up laws that enslaved the women.

But Das himself began to object to the reform tactics of his wife. "You can't antagonize society so. You will ruin my work if you meddle in other people's affairs." Already her modernism was putting Das under a handicap, trying as he was to organize a joint stock company to finance his sugar scheme. His proposition was sound and he was an experienced sugar man. But the grave plutocrats and elders of Orissa, only shook their heads and found excuses. He found himself under secret surveillance of official spies.

Though to Mrs. Das her husband was still "kind and considerate," she saw which way the wind was blowing. He was a native, his life interests were in India, his destiny was rooted among his people. She, on the other hand, had no such ties, and so she was the one who broke it up. "In India our marriage was foredoomed to failure. My husband faced economic ruin by my presence. I love him too much to stay married to him any longer."

Several times she went back to visit him. The tug of love, the challenge to bridge the gap between two cultures and races drew her strongly. But they at last decided it was hopeless and came to a friendly parting of ways. East and West just couldn't marry. And Mrs. Das, who two decades ago went away to reform just such "benighted" notions, has returned, herself reformed.

Tall Men Still Fighting For Their Rights

THE lowly store awning has come in for some bitter attacks as a result of a rebellion among tall men in the city of Atlanta, Georgia, where legislative reforms are now being pressed against the offending "wall umbrellas." It is the complaint of the tall men that the awnings make them inconveniently polite, by "tipping" the hats off their heads whenever they aren't looking. In addition they are constantly acquiring nasty bumps on the head, because the awnings are too low for them. Spectacles have been shattered, eyes blackened, and clothes drenched when the bedewed awnings are unexpectedly encountered.

Moreover, according to the embattled organization of the "high but not so mighty" tall men, the "continual bowing of adults over six feet tall is creating a 'yea-man' complex in the present generation of six-footers." The impression, they say, has been brought about "by those who engage in conversation, mistaking their efforts to save their heads for an assent to their statements."

Many's the scrape they get into, seeming to agree to something they don't. For at present it's necessary to "pull in" their heads, like so many turtles, to duck the store awnings every few feet.

"We are tired of ducking," the organization now declares, and its 25 original members are reported to be receiving scores of applications for membership from fellow sufferers of "tallness trouble."

The platform of the rebels is ambitious, and they have already petitioned the city council for an "overhead clearance" on sidewalks of 78 inches. The demand was introduced by Councilman C. M. Bolen, himself seventy-four and a half inches tall. He said he would also offer an amendment requiring hotels and railway lines in his section of the country to provide beds of special length.

"I'm tired," he declared, "of sleeping with my knees under my chin. Our six-footers are the flower of the race, and we must do something to protect ourselves."

In truth it's an irony of fate that giant-sized men, in spite of their heroic dimensions, are made to look and feel ridiculous in their daily life, all because in the modern world their peculiar needs are hardly ever given consideration. They are literally misfits in the street or in a hotel or in a restaurant. The hero of the movies is by convention tall and handsome, but that's just on the screen; any tall and long-shanked individual who dares to go to a movie himself finds that the space to the seat in front of him is about half of what he needs. He has his choice of curling up and twisting like an eel throughout the show, or of sitting on the aisle where his projecting legs trip up the other patrons.

And in a restaurant, for instance, a very tall man is made as uncomfortable as possible. As like as not, his coat will get unkempt and the bottom of it will drag on the floor where it acts as a dustbin and doormat—all because the coat-hooks aren't placed high enough. The table may be too low, and he will have to stoop to eat. The ceiling frequently is so low that to get up suddenly is painful to the pate. He has to crouch to look into mirrors.

But the present "Battle of Atlanta" may bring at least one concrete reform for the tall, optimists believe.

Grass-Eating Nebuchadnezzar A Vegetarian?

IT turns out that fresh grass is not to be sneezed at as an aid to health. When Nebuchadnezzar of Biblical fame went out with the beasts of the fields to "eat grass as the oxen" everyone thought he was crazy but instead he, or his physician, may have been extremely wise.

In this day of vegetable cocktails, when friends gather round and drink their carrots, cabbage and spinach as well as most any other garden favorite, the farmer in the grassy dell has something to contribute also. This is fresh grass juice.

As yet there is no report that babies cry for it but Professor C. A. Elvehjem, Professor E. B. Hart and their associates at the University of Wisconsin have found that guinea pigs die for the lack of it. In recent experiments laboratory guinea pigs were fed on winter cows' milk, which, of course, didn't have any fresh grass juice in it because the cows had not had any fresh grass to eat. The guinea pigs, previously perfectly healthy, got sick and died on this diet. This is not surprising because the milk lacked many of the elements which science now knows to be necessary for health. To remedy this the professors added iron and other mineral salts, liver extract and various vitamins to the milk. Even this addition of materials known to be beneficial to health did not keep the guinea pigs from dying.

Then the new-mown hay was called in. Professor Elvehjem and Professor Hart already knew from previous experiments that fresh grass juice made laboratory rats grow faster, so they squeezed some of the grass juice into the mineralized and vitamized milk for the guinea pigs. The lucky animals who lived to quaff this potion came out of the doldrums and grew fat and sassy. In short, the grass juice was a life-saver.

Now the questions which scientists ask are, first, what powerful ingredient does grass juice have in addition to ordinary vitamins that makes all the difference between life and death to guinea pigs? And, second, how important is this to human beings?

Man has made wonderful strides in his ability to duplicate Nature's aids to health. Vitamins, either concentrated from natural sources, or synthetic, are available to meet many needs. But the experiment with the guinea pigs seems to indicate that Nature may be better at concocting the proper foods than man is, and while she doesn't take out any patents on her inventions, she does stick to the old-fashioned way of keeping the formula a secret.

Man undoubtedly will search until the secret of the grass juice also is discovered but until then it might be a good idea, not only for guinea pigs, but for human beings as well, to eat grass or sip its juice now and then in order to reap its mysterious benefits.

In pursuit of this health-giving elixir it even may be possible for a person to better the old feat of killing two birds with one stone and make it three birds. A man getting up early enough in the morning can mow the lawn, thereby getting in his daily dozen and keeping the grass short. But he can at the same time lay in a supply of liquid vim and vigor, when he takes the green blades to the kitchen and squeezes them, to see himself and the family through the day.

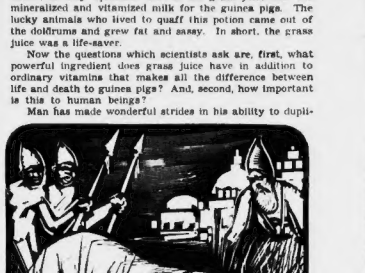
Such a "fad," as some people might call it, would be another of the many things to bear out the saying that there is nothing new except that which is forgotten. Grass, or its equivalent in green leaves, often has been used in the past to cure human ills.

An historic example of grass playing an important part in saving the lives of men has to do with one of the early visits to this continent. In the year 1619, Denmark sent out, under the command of a man named Jens Munk, an expedition of 64 men searching for the imagined Northwest Passage between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Landing on the west coast of Hudson Bay, Munk and his men spent a winter of misery during which time most of the men sickened and died. The epidemic which took this toll of lives probably was scurvy, a disease which medical science now knows to be due to lack of Vitamin C.

According to the story, food grew shorter and shorter and when spring came Jens Munk and the miserable few who were left started eating the green shoots and grass which they found on the shore. These men who had expected to die just as had their comrades were surprised to find their health returning and soon were able to go back to Denmark.

Another expedition to the Polar regions, about 200 years later, probably was saved from similar discomfort and death because its leader, Sir W. Edward Parry, knew the value of greens in preventing the dread scurvy which threatened sailors everywhere. Captain Parry raised cress and mustard greens on shipboard in boxes of earth which he brought along for the purpose, and so the sailors had plenty of greens to eat.

In the case of Nebuchadnezzar, he seems to have been suffering from bad dreams and a "mightier than thou" attitude, which may have indicated some nervous disorder bordering on the actual insanity of which he was suspected. Many such nervous disorders are helped by diet. Perhaps some wise doctor of that age knew what science has now rediscovered, that grass contains mysterious health-giving properties, and helped to cure the king by its use. What seemed to the people of Babylon the act of a madman may have been nothing but obedience to the orders of a progressive doctor.



It Now Seems That Nebuchadnezzar, the Babylonian King Who Ate Grass, Wasn't Crazy After All But Just Following a Diet Perhaps Prescribed by a Wise Physician.

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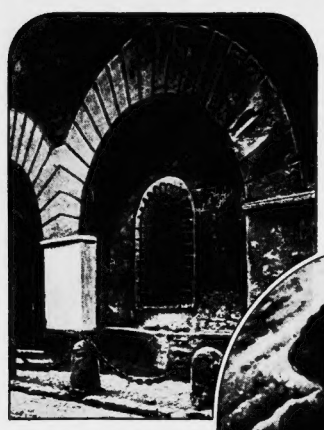
Hid Inside His Couch to Kill Her Faithless Husband

Estranged Mrs. Delaris, Carrying a Gun, Went to the Apartment to "Forgive" the Fickle French Financier, But When He Brought Home a Rival, She Listened to Their Wooing, Waited Until He Retired—And Then Shot Him



Perpignan Prison Where Suzanne Is Held for Trial for the Killing of Banker Delaris.

Mrs. Delaris Had Cut a Hole in the Couch and Rearranged the Springs So That She Could Conceal Herself Inside. She Was in This Uncomfortable Position When Her Husband Came in With His Lady Friend and Restraining Herself While They Billed and Cooed She Waited Patiently Until the Woman Had Departed and Her Husband Had Gone to Bed. Then Crept Into the Bedroom and Shot Him Twice While He Slept.

Madame Suzanne Garrigue-Delaris, the Attractive Brunette Woman Lawyer Who Has Confessed the Killing But Who Does Not Explain Why She Spared Her Rival.

The Apartment Where the Killing Took Place. The Cross Indicates the Bedroom Where the French Financier Was Shot While He Slept.

Banker Delaris, Victim of the Crime.

PARIS, June 9.

THE other day at police headquarters in Perpignan, near the Spanish border, Madame Suzanne Garrigue-Delaris, a clever young woman lawyer, took one look at a scrap of silk that had evidently been torn from her underskirt and burst out crying.

The night before, Suzanne had rather abruptly become a widow when someone put two bullets into the handsome head of her estranged husband—and that telltale piece of silk and a few strands of her own dark hair had been found caught in th springs of a ripped-open sofa in her husband's apartment, where she had not been living for some months.

So she might as well tell the truth and the police say that she did. Dabbing her lovely dark eyes with a lace handkerchief and stifling back her sobs, the attractive brunette admitted that she was the unfortunate someone who had impulsively shot M. Fernand Delaris, the young assistant director of the Algerian Bank and father of her nine-months-old baby girl.

For three long, miserable hours she had been hidden in a most uncomfortable position inside the overstuffed sofa, with horsehair scratching her and the springs sticking into her, as she watched and listened while her faithless husband was billing and cooing with another woman—and a blonde, at that. After her rival departed, Suzanne climbed out of the sofa, crept into the bedroom and shot Fernand twice, while he was sound asleep—dreaming, no doubt, of his pleasant evening with that other woman.

Then she snatched up his photograph from the bureau and tore it into pieces—but for some reason she has not disclosed, she left undisturbed a nearby photograph of a pretty blonde, who has since been identified by the police as the wife of another prominent Perpignan banker.

After that, she quietly slipped out of the building, got into her car and drove to a nearby village where she had been living with her mother since she and Fernand separated.

Naturally, the police suspected Mme. Delaris first of all and they questioned her continuously for about 18 hours. But she kept insisting that she was innocent till they finally confronted her with that scrap of silk and those strands of dark hair. Then she broke down right away and confessed.

"Yes, yes," she cried, bravely trying to control her tears, "I killed him. But believe me, m'sieurs, I did not go to his apartment for that purpose. On the contrary, I went there to forgive and make up. As you can see for yourselves, I was a victim of circumstances."

"There, there," replied the chief inspector, who could afford to be both chivalrous and sympathetic, now that he had the confession. "You must compose yourself. It is quite clear that you have been through a very trying experience."

He was right about that. Just the same, it did seem strange that anyone in such a forgiving frame of mind—and she seems to have had plenty to forgive—should set out on a peace-making errand armed with a revolver. But that could be easily explained. M. Delaris was also an impulsive creature and perhaps she was afraid of finding him in a frame of mind all set to resist her best efforts to forgive him. Maybe she thought she might encounter a mood that called for considerable persuasiveness, and took along the pistol for that reason—since a pistol is undoubtedly one of the best persuaders ever invented.

As to why Suzanne hit upon the novel idea of preparing for a peace conference by ripping open the upholstery of the sofa, pushing aside the springs and stuffing and hiding herself in the mattress, that is a point she preferred not to discuss—not even with one so sympathetic and understanding as the chief inspector. Perhaps she was merely seeking something upon which to base the terms of reconciliation and felt that before proceeding with her plan to forgive her erring husband it might be wise to find out just what he was in the habit of doing during her absence. At any rate, she did find out and it certainly seems to have made her mighty unhappy.

At the time when Suzanne got a divorce from her first husband in order to marry Fernand, she was well established as one of the smartest young lawyers in Perpignan, with a particularly clever flair for cross-examination. She knew, of course, that M. Delaris already had one unsuccessful marriage to his discredit and, no doubt, before accepting him, she cross-examined him as to the reasons for that first matrimonial failure.

But she didn't make a thorough job of it. If she had, she might have made him reveal some of the discreditable things she now says she afterwards learned about him—that he was temperamentally unfit to be faithful to any one woman, that he was an inveterate gambler and quite indifferent as to whose money he used in gambling, that he contrived to get the grounds for divorcing his first wife by persuading some of his "disreputable" friends to provide the evidence by making love to her.

That last thing, Suzanne says, is precisely what he tried to do to her, after gambling away the the dowry of 600,000 francs, or about $24,000, which she brought him. In France, a husband has a perfect right to do whatever he pleases with his wife's dowry, which is usually just a sort of premium paid to him by her parents for taking her off their hands.

Suzanne's situation, however, seems to have been somewhat different. Already married when she fell in love with Fernand and also capable of earning her own living by practising law, she was no longer dependent on her parents and apparently paid that $24,000 out of her own pocket, so to speak. That being the case, she had all the more reason for feeling bitter if it was gambled away.

Not only did Fernand squander her dowry, she says, but he also played ducks and drakes with her mother's money, which that trusting lady turned over to him to manage because he worked in a bank and seemed so reliable.

On top of that, she says that just as soon as the last five franc piece passed across the green table in the Pardal gambling den, he had the nerve to file a divorce suit against her and ask for the custody of their child—merely because Suzanne had gone back to live with her mother.

It was because that divorce suit was soon coming up for trial that she suddenly decided to forgive Fernand, put a pistol in her handbag, got into her car and drove to his apartment, arriving shortly before 10 o'clock at night. She still had her old latch key, so she unlocked the door and walked right in—doubtless in a great hurry to bring about a reconciliation.

But nobody was there—and that seems to have been one of those unfortunate circumstances of which she became the victim. It gave her time to stroll around the apartment and observe any additional feminine touches that might have been added since her departure. There must have been some and they must have displeased her. Otherwise, how could her forgiving mood take such a curious turn?

No one knows just what inspired her to hide in the sofa. She has shown no inclination whatever to discuss that point. But perhaps it was that pretty blonde's photograph on Fernand's dresser. At any rate, every time the detectives tried to question her about that she was strangely reticent and an odd, secretive look came into her eyes.

But something must have made her want to hide soon after she entered the apartment. So with a pair of scissors she ripped open the upholstery, converted the sofa into a peculiar sort of observation post and settled herself inside it, to watch developments. She did not have to wait long.

Soon after 10 o'clock Fernand came home with that other woman and started right away adding to the long list of things that would have to be forgiven if there was going to be any reconciliation.

The detectives tried to get Suzanne to tell them who the woman was, but she insisted that she did not know. She said she was afraid to do anything more than peep out from under the upholstery occasionally and did not get a good look at the visitor's face—not even when the couple stood for sometime at the bedroom door, kissing each other. All she knows, she claims, is that the woman was blonde and affectionate—very blonde and very affectionate.

Curiously enough, the couple did not sit down on the sofa. Several times Suzanne thought they were going to, and each time that just about made her heart stop beating. But now she realizes that their failure to sit down on the sofa was another one of those unfortunate circumstances of which she was the victim.

It would have been very unpleasant if they had done it, of course. Then they certainly would have discovered her and, naturally, that would have been most embarrassing. Yet it might have saved her from what followed. No doubt she would have merely climbed out from her hiding place, shaken the stuffing out of her hair, smoothed down her rumpled skirt, stomped her foot, given her husband a piece of her mind and departed, with as much dignity as possible.

But it didn't happen that way. Fernand and the other woman went on into the bedroom, thoughtlessly leaving the door open—and for almost three hours Suzanne remained in her cramped position, seething with jealousy and resentment.

The next morning, however, when detectives called at her mother's home and politely invited her to go with them to police headquarters for questioning, she seemed to have completely regained her composure. All that day and far into the following night detectives in relays kept firing questions at her—but with her legal training she was too clever for them.

Time after time, just when they thought they had her trapped, she managed to squirm out of it by finding loopholes in their line of reasoning, which is very disconcerting to detectives.

At first, she said that she had remained at her mother's home all that night, taking care of her young daughter, Francoise. But when the detectives brought in a witness who had seen her car on the streets of Perpignan, she readily admitted that she had been in the town. She said she had hidden behind some large cement pipes across the street from her husband's apartment and watched the place for quite a while, hoping to get evidence of his infidelity, to use in the divorce case.

Even so, she pointed out that it would have been impossible for her to do the shooting unless she was in the apartment and harped on the fact that they did not have a shred of evidence that she had been there.

But just when it looked as if they would have to start searching for some other suspect, in walked a detective who had given the sofa a more thorough examination and afterwards visited her mother's home. On the desk he spread out a silk underskirt from which a piece had been torn and on top of the tear he placed a scrap of silk that matched it perfectly. Then he took several strands of dark hair from an envelope, announcing that he had also found them caught in the sofa springs—and as soon as Mme. Delaris saw this evidence she must have realized that there was no use trying to hold out any longer.

Even so, she does not see how the judges who must try her can do anything except set her free. After all, considering the trying experience she went through, who could really blame her for her impulsive act? Besides, didn't she show remarkable self-control by refraining from also putting a bullet or so into the pretty blonde head of her rival?

So now Suzanne is in historic old Perpignan Prison, with her baby calmly waiting for her trial and hoping that French justice will soon seize this excellent opportunity to demonstrate once again its customary gallant attitude toward attractive women who feel that they just have to kill their faithless husbands.

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Behind the Scenes With the Pretty "Tigress"

In Training, and in the Ring, Clara Mortensen Is No Gentle Homebody. She Wrestles to Win and No Hold Allowed by the Rules Is Barred. That's Why Some of Her Opponents Call Her a "Tigress."

FOLLOWERS of the ancient sport of wrestling who are accustomed to picture their champions as mountains of flesh, barrel-like chests and distorted faces in an atmosphere of grunts, groans and grimaces are all pleasantly disappointed in glimpsing Clara Mortensen of Ventura, California. That goes whether they watch her under the harsh white lights of the arena or meet her in private life.

In the ring, Clara, who is the recognized lightweight woman champion of the world, may tangle up an opponent with a half-nelson or whirl one in an airplane spin that ends with a back-thudding crash. But away from applauding fans she is as demure, dainty and gentle as a sub-deb at a finishing school.

Clara is five feet, six inches tall and weighs 133 pounds. She owes her proficiency in wrestling not to excess poundage, but to strength, agility and skill, which have won her the nickname of the "Tigress."

She is a member of a wrestling family. Her father, for six years light heavyweight champion wrestler of Denmark, is still active and appears on the mat under the name of "The Terrible Dane." Her brother, Leo Mortensen, is a contender for the light heavyweight wrestling championship of the world.

Clara's mother, however, is almost diminutive in this family and weighs but 107 pounds. It is Mrs. Mortensen who has presided over Clara's feminine accomplishments just as carefully as "The Terrible Dane" has coached her in her wrestling career.

At home, the pretty "tigress" sews, knits and cooks better than most girls of her age. She has had a well-rounded education and her cultured voice is said to have aroused the interest of radio talent scouts. As for looks—well, Clara has blonde hair, a natural peaches-and-cream complexion and regular features. Her trim figure would make many a stranger think that she was fooling if she said she was a wrestler.

There's no fooling about it all, however, when she dons her tights and steps into the ring to face an opponent. Then she is no longer just another pretty girl but a modern Amazon who could put many a strong man on his shoulders.

Clara says that her greatest thrill since becoming a professional wrestler was when she won the championship from Mildred Burke; and her second was her meeting with Cora Livingston, the first and greatest woman champion of the world. Cora, now retired, told Clara that she would some day be great.

GLOBE PHOTOS

The "Tigress" Training With a Partner Who Is Not Above Doing a Bit of Hair Pulling While Applying a Vigorous and Uncomfortable Body Scissors.

The "Tigress" Likes to Demonstrate Her Physical Superiority Over Other Women Wrestlers, But Away From the Squared Circle and the Gymnasium She Is No Blustering Amazon. She Spends a Lot of Time in Her Boudoir.

The Lightweight Wrestling Champion Is at Home in the Kitchen, Too, and Likes Nothing Better Than to Plan and Cook a Meal for Her Family. She Is Almost as Interested in Recipes as She Is in the Wrestling Game.

New Light on the Biblical Giants

GOLIATH, Og, King of Bashan, and other giants of Biblical times may not have been so tall after all. In fact they probably didn't exceed six feet in height but were thought huge because they towered over the shorter Jewish and Canaanitish people by comparison, according to Sir Arthur Keith, foremost British anthropologist.

In a recent lecture about Biblical giants delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons in London, Sir Arthur pointed out that bones have been found in caves near Mount Carmel, in Palestine, to back up the statement in the Biblical Book of Genesis that "there were giants in the earth in those days." In that section of the world human beings were believed to have lived from a period of perhaps a hundred thousand years ago down to about the time of Abraham.

Sir Arthur estimated the heights of male individuals among the "giants" as nearly six feet, not unusual today, but which probably meant real giants to the much shorter Jewish and Canaanitish inhabitants of the country in Bible times.

Skeletons of women, which were found proved to be much shorter than those of the men, which may support the Bible's further statement that the giants mated with daughters of men and had for children the "mighty men which were of old, men of renown."

Sir Arthur regards the Mount Carmel race as true men, not half-formed ape men. A few signs of ape ancestry existed, such as prominent bony ridges at the eyebrows and special shapes of the vertebrae in the backbone, but brains were as large as now although somewhat simpler.

Murdered by a Man Who Never Was Born

LYONS, France.

ETIENNE GRANDE is very, very dead, as the gendarmes who found him with six bullets in his body determined easily enough. But the man who admitted killing him, according to French law, couldn't have done so because legally he doesn't exist since there is no record of his birth.

Such is the baffling case of Henri Leclerc, which will be brought before the Assize Court shortly and which presents a dilemma that some of the cleverest lawyers in France declare cannot be solved.

The confessed murderer, Leclerc, was born in 1918 in a little provincial town which was invaded by the Germans. The local archives were destroyed when the town was bombarded and with them the record of Leclerc's birth.

A few weeks ago, Leclerc, now twenty-three years of age and a character in the French underworld since his "teens, shot and killed Etienne Grande because the latter was paying too much attention to his sweetheart. When the gendarmes arrested him, they failed to find any papers of identity on him. A search in the town of his birth was equally unproductive.

Leclerc's father was killed in the war and his mother died some years ago. Neighbors who might have been able to satisfy the authorities that he was really born at the time stated by him were no longer available. Thus the police were forced to draw up an indictment for murder against "One X, self-styled Henri Leclerc."

Whether he will lose his head under the guillotine is quite a problem. Lawyers for the defense will argue that as, legally, the accused has no existence in France, he cannot be charged with a crime. They have already quoted many precedents in favor of their contention, and the judge has postponed the date of the trial so that he might have a ruling from the Government on the matter.

WIDE WORLD

This British Youngster Has Been Told That There's a Man Inside the Unearthly-Looking Asbestos Outfit, but He Still Isn't Sure That the "Critter" Is Human.

England's Fire-Eating "Men from Mars"

LONDON.

RESEMBLING some ponderously grotesque creature who had suddenly been transplanted to Earth after having been whisked off the planet Mars, one of England's most modern fire fighters presented a weird appearance at the recent London Air Raid Precautions Exhibition. So fantastic indeed was the uniform of the "Air Raid Precautions Warden" as he is called, that youngsters had to be convinced that there was a flesh and blood human being rather than an unearthly visitor, concealed inside.

As may be seen in the photograph at the left, which shows the fire-eater bending over so that the skeptical youngster may peep into the thick, heat-proof window to see the man inside the hood, the outfit is even more eery than the armor of a deep-sea diver.

Appearance is secondary to utility, however. The heavy suit and helmet of asbestos make it possible for the wearer to walk unscathed through flames which would burn to a crisp a man who was dressed in ordinary clothing. In the event of an air raid followed by a fire caused by the dropping of incendiary bombs, the "Air Raid Precautions Warden" would don this uniform to perform many hazardous duties.

Armed with a chemical fire extinguisher he might walk right into an inferno of flames and shut off fuel or other valves to prevent an explosion of inflammable stores. For the past few years, for example, the United States Navy has had men attired in somewhat similar outfits on duty aboard airplane carriers. Their job is to dash to the airplane cockpit in the event of a crash landing aboard ship and pull the occupants clear before they are burned to death. U. S. sailors nicknamed them "Hot Pappas." The English variety, as "wardens," have more dignified titles. But for the London youngster they might just as well be named "men from mars."

Girls Will Be Girls

EMILIA, the chimpanzee, fashion arbiter of the monkey-house in the London Zoo, finally has a bonnet of her very own, thanks to the deft crocheting needles of attractive Dina Sheridan.

Some months ago, Dina, who is seventeen, and a British motion picture starlet, was asked to pose for some pictures with a chimpanzee. Emilia was chosen for the job, and the chimp seemed to enter happily into the spirit of things until just before the first picture was snapped.

The photographer paid so much attention to arranging Dina's new spring hat that Emilia felt she was being slighted. In her simian way she made that evident by seizing Dina's hat, cramming it down on top of her own skull and striking a ludicrous pose, sort of an okay-we're-ready-for-the-picture attitude.

From then on the photographer had trouble on his hands. He wanted to snap Dina in the hat, not Emilia. But the latter was as obstinate as he was. Every time the photographer would get the hat away from the chimp and hand it to Dina, Emilia would snatch it away. Pretty soon the hat didn't have any style left. There were no pictures and no hat for Dina, who gave it to the chimpanzee as a gift.

Emilia, as if sorry for the trouble she had caused, developed an affection for Dina, who visited her weekly. The other day the pretty English girl made the chimpanzee the happiest occupant of the monkey house by presenting her with a hat that had been especially made for her. The picture shows the first fitting.

Only Emilia seems to have been more interested in the cameraman than in the hat on hand, lest she be slighted again.

BLACK STAR

Dina Sheridan, a Young English Movie Actress, Visits the London Zoo and Finds That Emilia, the Chimp, Is Just as Interested in Millinery as She Is.

Picking Musicians in the Cradle

BERLIN

IT isn't a baby's voice that determines whether or not he has musical talent which may be developed later in life. It's his hearing and his reaction to harmonic sounds. Such is the conclusion recently arrived at by German psychologists who hope to prevent future musicians from being lost to the world by encouraging their talent even before they begin going to kindergarten.

Pointing out that although many babies make singing, humming or purring sounds even at ages of a few months this does not always indicate musical ability. Experts have devised tests said to be useful even on children of less than a year old.

One test is to make two kinds of noise, one musical and one non-musical. If the baby pays more attention to the musical sound, he shows potential talent. In the second test a simple tune is played. If the baby cries or goes to sleep, the reaction is negative. If he laughs or shows signs of pleasure he has an ear for music and may have the making of a musical genius.

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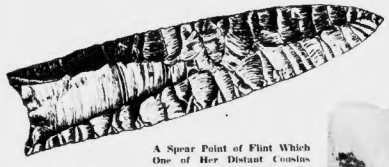
Who Was the First Woman in America?

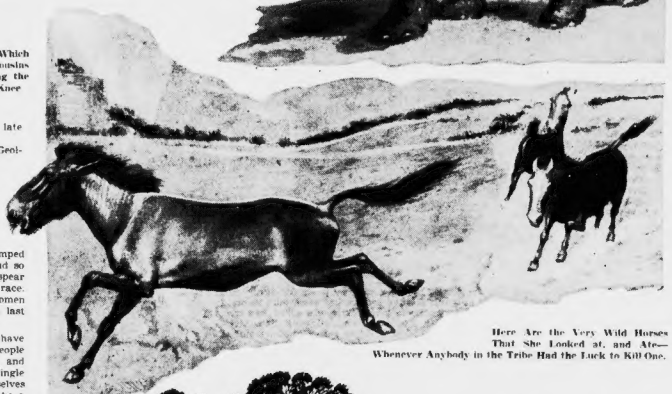
Fantastic Movie Animals and Landscapes That She Saw 20,000 Years Ago Revealed to Science by the Discovery of a Spear Head Close to a Mammoth's Skeleton Knee in New Mexico

Maybe Miss America of Minnesota, 20,000 Years Ago, Looked Like This—But Maybe She Was Not the First American. This Reconstruction of Her Head and Face Was Made by William Brown McNett, Director of the Department of Medical Art, School of Medicine, Temple University, Philadelphia, Especially for The American Weekly.



A Spear Point of Flint Which One of Her Distant Cousins May Have Used in Killing the Great American Elephant, for One Was Found by the Knee Bones of One of These Monsters.

Americans of Today See the Elephant Only in the Circus and Zoo—But This Is What the First Miss America Saw—and Rejoiced When Her Men Folk Killed One and Brought It Home for Food.



Here Are the Very Wild Horses That She Looked at, and Ate—Whenever Anybody in the Tribe Had the Luck to Kill One.

There Were Camels in Those Days, Too, Queer Looking Beasts That Often Furnished the First Americans as Well as Huge Tigers Like This, With Food.

If She Had Lived in What Is Now California and Looked Down Upon the La Brea Tar Pits, She Would Have Seen Gigantic Condors, Enormous Bears and Various Other Strange Creatures, as in a Prehistoric Zoo.
Four Reconstructions by the Famous Artist, Charles R. Knight.

WHO were the first men in North America? When did they appear? Did they come from some place else or did they evolve from local apes, as was presumably the case in Asia?

Such questions have been asked since the time of Columbus and have received a wide variety of answers. Today they are especially interesting because of recent scientific discoveries which bear upon them.

While excavating recently in Clovis, New Mexico, at a spot which thousands of years ago was a lake and is now a gravel pit, Dr. Edgar B. Howard of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, came upon the bones of an extinct variety of American elephant. A spear point found with the bones lent them far more significance than usually attaches to such relics.

Its position in contact with the elephant's leg bone indicated that the point had been used in an assault on the beast. Someone ages ago chipped a piece of flint into this laurel-leaf shape, inserted it between the split ends of a wooden shaft, bound it fast, and hurled it at the mammoth.

But who was this hunter and when did he live? Well, he must have been a man because so far as is known men are the only inhabitants of earth who ever made spear points. And as regards when he lived there are three clues: the type of spear point, the bones, and the kind of geological deposit in which they lay.

Thus, the man-hunter must have lived at a time when human culture permitted the manufacture of this particular kind of spear point, he must have been a contemporary of his prey, and it seems logical to conclude that the physical setting of the finds corresponded with the physical aspect of this spot of the earth's surface when the elephant died.

Science, as it happens, has accumulated sufficient knowledge to deal with all three of these deductions. On the basis of past experience, it is able to say that Dr. Howard's spear point is related to the type of stone work that was being turned out in the Old World by men of the Old Stone and early New Stone Ages; that the elephant was of a variety that roamed the plains of what is now the southwest United States at the close of the Ice Age; and that the geological setting of the bones is also late Ice Age.

In other words, Archaeology, Paleontology, and Geology, all looking from different points of view, are in agreement as to the age of Dr. Howard's finds. This age may be placed roughly at around 18,000 to 20,000 years ago.

Other finds in New Mexico and Arizona of spear points and meat scrapers, exhibiting work similar to that of Dr. Howard's recent discovery and frequently buried along with the remains of such other extinct glacial period animals as small horses, one-humped camels, mastodons, bison, musk-oxen, dire wolves, and so on, prove conclusively that the man who threw the spear at the mammoth was not a unique specimen of his race. He was merely one of many men and, presumably, women and children, who lived in North America while the last glaciers were melting.

This being the case, it is strange that, while there have been found quantities of bones of the animals these people hunted and fled from, of the implements they used and even relics of the very camp fires they sat by, not a single authenticated bone of America's Ice Age men themselves has been recovered from the southwestern States. As a matter of fact, the only human skeletal remains which apparently date as far back as the Clovis spear point and at the same time seem likely to receive a scientific "clean bill of health," are those of a 15-year-old girl recently found in a glacial deposit in western Minnesota.

Like the modern girl, the Minnesota maiden, or "Ice Age Minnie" as she has been fondly dubbed by undergraduates of the University of Minnesota, was neither very tall nor heavily muscled. Her slimness is indicated by bones which are unusually long and thin compared with those of living aboriginals.

One extremely important thing about "Ice Age Minnie's" appearance is the fact that she had a Mongoloid cast of features. It is well known that both the Eskimos and the American Indians are of Mongoloid extraction. This is proved by their physical characteristics: complexion, shape of face, slanting eyes, shovel-type teeth, color and texture of hair, etc.

The generally accepted theory is that they reached this country by way of Bering Strait, the place where Siberia and Alaska are today separated by only 56 miles of water and where thousands of years ago they may have been joined by a land bridge.

Until recently, scientific evidence allowed the conclusion that the Eskimos and Indians had come to North America via Bering Strait from Siberia and that this human migration on the heels of migratory game might have occurred as long ago as 10,000 years. It was believed that earlier than that passage between the two continents would have been obstructed by the presence of glaciers. So, lacking undisputed evidence to the contrary, a term of 10,000 years was set to man's occupancy of North America and any scientist who held out for an earlier figure was discredited.

Naturally, the discovery of Ice Age Minnie and of the relics of her contemporaries in the southwest knocked this theory into a cocked hat. Scientists immediately asked: "Were these Ice Age Americans ancestors of the Indians and Eskimos, coming here by the same route from Siberia, or were they of some other race?"

Pointing as it does to a Mongoloid extraction, Ice Age Minnie's appearance derives its importance from this question. Apparently she was of the same race as the Eskimos and Indians and like them not native to America but the first known immigrant. If this is so, then the Indians and Eskimos living today are descended from her in an unbroken line.

But what of the men of the southwest? Might they not have been unrelated to Minnie—another race, in short, the true Americans?

"They might have been but their implements, or artifacts, as the scientists say, suggest the opposite. Two significant facts about these artifacts associate their makers not only with the Stone Age men of the Old World but also with the Eskimos and Indians.

The first, as mentioned above, is the one of general manufacture which suggests the Old World connection. The second is more specific. Dr. Howard points out that some bone spear heads he has found at Clovis are of the same type as used by Indians and Eskimos. He says:

"That the beveled ends (of the spear heads) with cross striation on the surfaces were fitted to the beveled ends of other shafts and lashed, can be safely assumed. This technique of splicing shafts and foreshafts was known to Indians of North America and Eskimos alike."

Naturally, only the heads themselves are left today, all the more perishable parts of the spears having long ago disappeared. But as the heads alone are enough to link up the men who used them both with the Indians and Eskimos and also with the continent from which the Indians and Eskimos came, the assumption is that the southwestern Ice-Agers as well as Minnie were ancestors of the later inhabitants of this country.

Summing up, then, it can be said that the time of man in North America has been pushed back from 10,000 to 20,000 years. The earliest Americans known of were probably of Mongoloid origin and came here by way of Bering Strait. There were glaciers covering the northern part of the continent at this time but entrance into the country was no doubt made possible by the presence of a warmer ocean-side zone caused either by a temperate current similar to the Gulf or Japan Streams of today or by the lesser cold of the ocean.

There may or may not have been a land bridge in existence. If not, passage of animals and men was effected across the ice. There is no evidence at present to indicate that the country was previously inhabited by men and apparently the Indians and Eskimos of historical times are directly descended from these prehistoric immigrants.

In Asia, mankind broke away from the apes sufficiently to deserve a new name anywhere from 4,000,000 to 1,000,000 years ago. Here, no traces of apes have ever been found. This is not to say that none ever will be, but until they are, it is impossible to conceive of a truly native aboriginal American, because such a person would have had to be a descendant of native American apes.

Meanwhile, Minnie and her more elusive companions of the southwest, stand as the first Americans, arriving on these shores while the land was still largely covered with ice. Melting, the ice created a humid climate and many lakes in portions of the western plains and deserts long since arid. These conditions were favorable to the existence of numerous types of animal life which were redistributed as the ice receded, some going north in its wake, some remaining, some disappearing entirely.

For a while, North America was a hunter's paradise, memories of which may have persisted among the descendants of Minnie and Clovis Man, giving rise to the Indian legends about a mythical "happy hunting ground."

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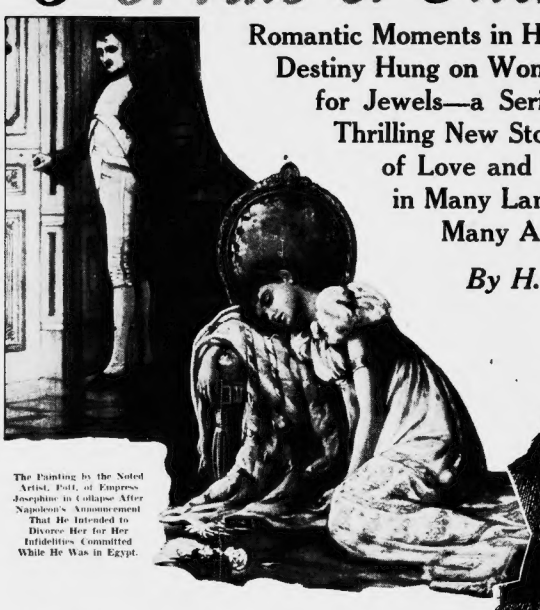
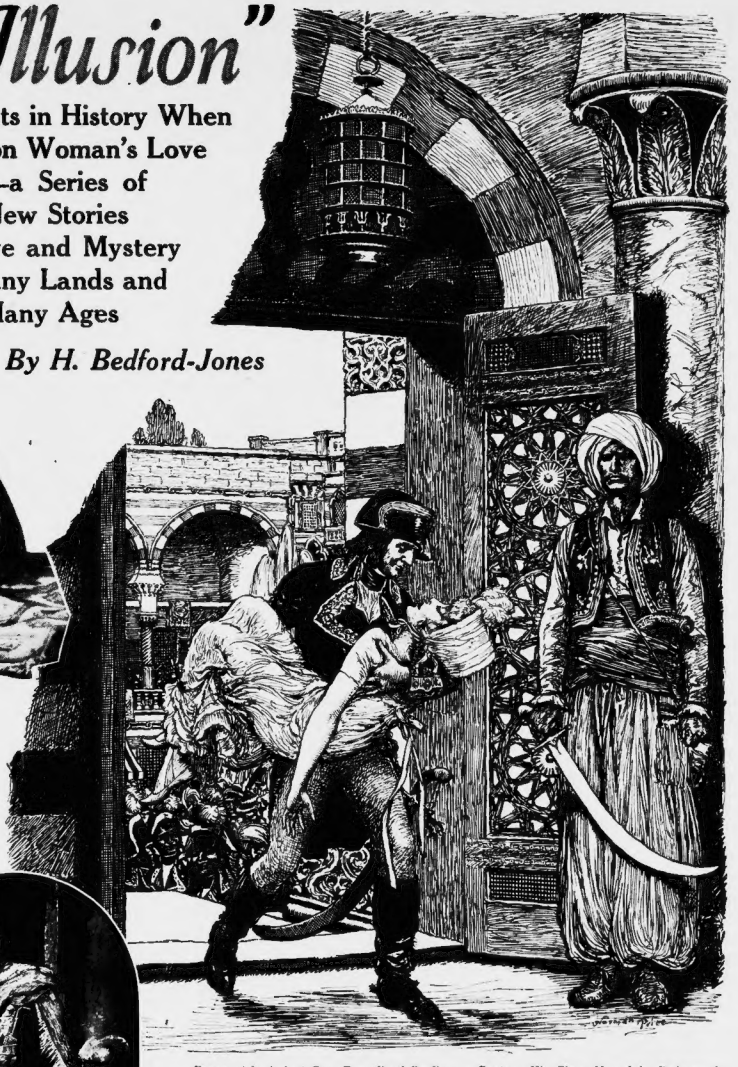
"Portals of Illusion"

Romantic Moments in History When Destiny Hung on Woman's Love for Jewels—a Series of Thrilling New Stories of Love and Mystery in Many Lands and Many Ages

By H. Bedford-Jones



The Painting by the Noted Artist, Paul, of Empress Josephine in Collapse After Napoleon's Announcement That He Intended to Divorce Her for Her Infidelities Committed While He Was in Egypt.



Bonaparte's Ardent Gaze Transfixed Pauline as Rustem, His Giant Mameluke Bodyguard, Held Aside a Door. His Voice Rang Out. "Rustem! Let no one enter——"

WOMAN'S often fatal love for jewels has been sung by poets for ages. And grave historians have told how this strange passion has sometimes changed the course of history. Jewels, too, seem to love women—far more than men.

The American Weekly suggested to Mr. Bedford-Jones, following his successful "Empires of the Moon," that he write another brilliant series of short stories upon this affinity between supposedly lifeless gem and very vital woman.

"Portals of Illusion" is the result. The haunted gems into which she peers are the gates of vision for the sensitive Tamyra, revealing to her memories—for some believe jewels possess memories—of their highest moments.

"Portals of Illusion" for Tamyra—but were they illusion?

No. 6—The Diamond of Desire.

THE Jeweler beckoned Tamyra to his workbench by the sunlit window.

"I want to show you something interesting. The only stone that can deceive an expert into taking it for a diamond."

Slim, long-bodied, silent, she sank into a chair. Smiling, the jeweler picked up in his tweezers one of two unset stones that lay on his tray. He held it in the sunlight, a few inches from the stone in the direction of the sun, was a white card on a movable support.

"The simplest method of testing stones for refraction," the Jeweler observed. "It is a fundamental law that every kind of stone refracts light in a different manner—that is, bends a ray of light differently. Here are a diamond and a white zircon. Some stones bend light in a single ray, others separate it into a double refraction. Watch the reflection on the card."

He moved the stone so that the brilliant glitter from within it focused on the card. Single images of each reflecting facet appeared there. He picked up the other gem, adjusted it, and Tamyra uttered an exclamation. The reflection of the facets showed strongly double, also, they moved as the Jeweler moved the stone, in pairs.

"Which is which?" she demanded.

"That's for you to tell. Look at them. Take up each one, hold an enlarging glass to the rear facet as it shines in the sunlight, see if you can distinguish the real from the false! It chances that with these two stones, no further tests are needed."

"But I don't know which one should be single and which one double!"

The Jeweler regarded her gravely, as she reached for the lens.

"Precisely, my dear. I have a theory that the reaction of a woman to a jewel is like the reaction of light, it's a mysterious law of nature which we've not yet resolved into proven rules. It's an intangible reaction, yet in some women it is certainly there. I know you to be deeply sensitive to impressions. Look at each stone. Study them, drink in what they tell you, let yourself, your instinct, your sub-conscious being, refract the message of their facets. Take your time for the experiment. And let me tell you that practically no jeweler, regardless of his experience, can tell these two stones apart by the naked eye alone, without such a test."

Tamyra was sensitive, true. It showed in her fragile loveliness, in her thoughtful and tender eyes, in the long and delicate fingers as she poised one of the two stones and regarded it through the glass.

A glittering heart of fire, all colors blending in one color called light; the facets showed single. She picked up the other stone. Here was the same coruscating display, but this time with double edges to the facets, plainly seen. She hesitated, her breath coming faster, the color deepening in her cheeks, then picked up the first stone again. She held one in each hand.

Smiling, the Jeweler moved over a little stand set with an enormous lens. Through this the twin stones, held side-by-side, were vastly enlarged. They became pools of glimmering radiance, masses of living light that moved and breathed. Tamyra caught her breath.

"Alive! They're alive——"

"God, or Life, or Spirit, is in everything," said the Jeweler. "A microscope discovers it in a bar of iron. But never mind the stones. It's your reaction I want to get, your own refraction of that light!"

She trembled a little, yielded to the spell that crept upon her as she looked from one stone to the other, as she regarded them together. The glorious play of colors and light, the living fire evoked by the rhinbeams, warmed her, thrilled her, stifled her. The mysterious dancing flame tricked her senses. This lustrous blaze of scintillating reflections became an opalescent heaven, endless, eternal.

And suddenly she saw herself there, in the effulgent glow—

A Mameluke Chieftain of the Type of Murad Bey, Who Had Owned the Sword With the "Diamond of Desire" Set in the Hilt.

HERSELF yet not herself. Features firmer, browner, harder, yet her own loveliness in every line. Blue eyes of daring, tawny locks close-clipped and curling, cool handsome body cloaked from throat to ankles in a gown of silken Eastern stuff. Not her body and yet her own, for she felt the pulse of it in herself, recognized the swift lean lines of it as herself indeed. She was standing in the courtyard of a little house, where a palm tree lifted, where orange-trees were in bloom, where water splashed. Egypt! She felt the electric thrill of that cloudless Egyptian sky, looked out above the wall to where the citadel of Cairo, built from stones of the Pyramids, lifted into that sky, with the Tricolor of France floating above it.

A ring of spurs. A man, her man, she could feel the quiver of joy as he rushed in and caught her in his arms, in a burst of exultation.

"Ha, Madame Foures! Mademoiselle Belleisle that was, now wife of Captain Foures—behold your husband! Distinguished, marked for special duty by the General himself!"

She stared at him wide-eyed. Not long married, not deeply in love, but contented and uplifted the whole time of that marriage by the thrill of adventure. They had met and married in Carcassonne, and now they were in Cairo, making history. She, dressed as a common soldier, had come with the army, in his company. Not until Egypt had her disguise been discovered.

"What is it? What has happened?" she exclaimed.

"Distinction, advancement, glory! We've no time even for an embrace, my love. In thirty minutes I must join the detachment, ride hard to Alexandria, take dispatches to France by the ship that's leaving. Dispatches, you comprehend? Personal letters of the Corsican himself!"

A gasp broke from her. "In half an hour—to France? But what about me?"

Foures' jaw fell for an instant. "Oh, wait! He did mention you; something about taking care of you, sending you on the next ship. He likes you, Pauline; yes, don't worry about anything, Bonaparte will arrange it all. He admires you tremendously for having come as a common soldier. Young Beauharnais was telling me about it the other day. Now I must get a few things together—"

Her eye followed him with a trace of contempt as he bustled about, complacent, totally self-centered, oblivious to everything except his own glory. And to think she had once loved this man, had dared everything to follow him to the wars!

Danger, hunger, shipwreck, filth, battle—these were behind her. Youth was not easily snatched. Here was Cairo, and luxury, such luxury as all her life she had craved vainly in the milliner's shop in Carcassonne, Cairo and conquest. By the French republican calendar it was Primaire 10th, Year VII; by convention standards, November 30, 1798. Thirty thousand Frenchmen here, conquerors of Egypt, men without women. Barely half a dozen wives or mistresses had come, like Pauline, disguised as men. They were popular. But she alone was popular with the little Corsican general.

Foures departed, with a clank and clatter, with excited oaths and a hasty embrace. She gave herself for the last time, kissed his lips in farewell, shed no tears as he withdrew, waved her hand as he rode away, and breathed a sigh of relief. She knew, if he did not, that it was for the last time. She knew, if he did not, why he had been sent to France. She had read the truth in the darting, questing, passionate dark eyes of the general, the sallow, lean, swarthy little Corsican. She despised him as much as she disdained her husband.

Now she despised him doubly, for using his position to send that husband away, so he might make love to her. Love, from such a man! She burst into laughter at the very thought. Love, from that dark, sneering man with the itch, when Cairo was full of fine swaggering Frenchmen, heroes of the Pyramids!

Later, in the deep heat of the day, young Beauharnais, the side and stepson of Bonaparte, came to the little house in the quarter of Bab en Nasr, the Gate of Victory. The slender young Creole, Josephine's son, had something of her own delicate grace of line; he looked her up-and-down, bowed very ceremoniously, and spoke with a certain reserve which made her furious.

"Madame, the citizen general requests that you will do him the honor to ride with him at five this afternoon."

"Tell him I am overcome with grief at the departure of my husband," she snapped. The young officer stared at her in astonishment.

"Madame, I cannot take such a message," he stammered. "After all, a ride is a ride, and he——"

She laughed harshly. "And he is the Corsican, the citizen general-in-chief, the Great Sultan, as the Arabs call him—Sultan el Kebir." At her tone, he flushed. She was instantly contrite. "Oh, forgive me. I forgot your connection. Dismiss my words. At five, you say? Very well. The wife of an officer must always be polite to the general, tell him I said that, and don't add any fine phrases to it."

Looking puzzled and somewhat thoughtful, the aide departed.

Pauline was furious with resentment. So the arrogant little upstart meant to put his mark upon her publicly, with her husband hardly over the horizon, he meant to parade her before the city and the army! Enough had already been said about her, as she well knew. The story of how she had come from home as a soldier had spread far and wide. But this was different. This was too much!

Cheeks burning, eyes ablaze, she flung herself down and thought again of that scene three nights ago at the Tivoli the gaming and amusement place dedicated to the relaxation of the army. The band of the 89th blaring away, the brilliant lights, the blaze of half-oriental uniforms and arms, her own pale yellow silk gown, cut low and daringly, latest fashion to half-reveal her white breasts, the olive-cheeked, thin little man who had danced with her repeatedly.

He was uncouth, unpolished, but the flaming intensity of his personality had gripped her for the moment. They went outside, in the cool darkness beneath the stars. His avid curiosity about every detail of her life was flattering. When he said good night and kissed her fingers at parting, a flame ran through her.

And now, three days later, she was alone

(Continued on Page 12)

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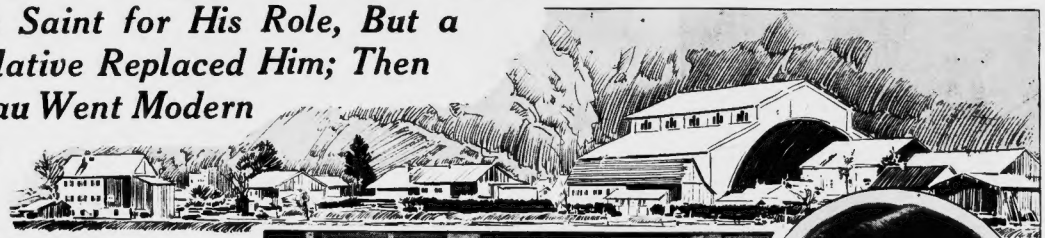
Why the Passion Play's Aged "Christus" Died of a Broken Heart

Lived Like a Saint for His Role, But a Younger Relative Replaced Him; Then Oberammergau Went Modern and the Blow Killed Him



Sketch of Oberammergau, Showing the Modern Theatre, Which Gentle Anton Lang Considered Out of Keeping With the Play's Original Purpose.

Alois Lang, the Sculptor, Selected by the New Committee as Christus Because He Could Give a More Vigorous and Modern Impersonation Than His Aged Relative, Anton Lang.

Hansi Presinger, Over Whom a Professional Feud Broke Out When One Faction Said Her Type of Beauty Was Unsuited for the Role of the Virgin Mary.

Scene from the Passion Play When Anton Lang Was Impersonating the Saviour, Showing the Incident of Driving the Money-Changers from the Temple.

Anni Rutz, Whose Demure Features Caused Dissension When Progressive Villagers Said She Lacked the Right Sort of Appeal for the Part of Mary Magdalene.

MUNICH, Germany, May 27.

THE recent death of 63-year-old Anton Lang, for three decades the Christus in the famous Passion Play at Oberammergau, was attributed by authorities at Munich Hospital to complications that set in after an abdominal operation.

But close friends and relatives who were with him at the end know that this was not the real cause of his death.

They know that the great actor died of a broken heart. His last words left no doubt in their minds as to that.

"Es ist vollbracht," he said, using the German version of the Saviour's last words as recorded in the Scriptures, the very same words he had spoken so many times from the cross at Oberammergau. "Vater, in deine Haende empfehle Ich meinen Geist!" (It is finished. Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!)

Then he closed his eyes forever upon a world that had filled him with despair by stubbornly rejecting the Messiah's teachings. There was nothing more that he could do and he did not want to live any longer.

Some people say that the despondency which robbed him of the will to live was due to his keen disappointment over being shunted aside from the Passion Play's leading role, which was given in 1930 to Alois Lang, a member of the same family though not a close relative. But this is only part of the truth and perhaps the smallest part.

It was not merely that a younger man was chosen for the part of Christus, which Herr Anton Lang played in 1900, in 1910 and again in 1922, when the production was postponed from the customary tenth-year season because of unsettled conditions in Europe following the World War.

What hurt the old actor was the reason behind this decision of the committee in charge of the production. His impersonation was old-fashioned, sentimental and lacking in vitality, they said, and what the performance needed to attract thousands of visitors and bring prosperity to the village was an up-to-date, vigorous, dynamic portrayal of the Saviour.

Such an idea was shocking to Anton Lang, who had always played the part with gentle dignity and reverence in the traditional manner in which it had been played by his predecessors for 300 years. To him, this was turning aside from the original purpose of the ancient sacred drama and a sacrilege.

The custom of presenting the Passion Play every ten years was not started as a commercial proposition. Three centuries ago, when the dreaded Black Plague was sweeping over Europe, at the end of the Thirty Years' War, the villagers of Oberammergau in the Bavarian mountains set up a sort of quarantine by surrounding their town with fires and resting guards, hoping in this way to keep the pestilence out. But a youth who had been visiting in a neighboring village grew homesick and slipped through the guards during the night.

So the plague broke out in Oberammergau and after the youth who brought it in and forty others had died, the village fathers made an offering to the Almighty that if He would stop the plague from killing any more in that village, a dramatization of the Saviour's life would be presented, every ten years, as long as there was any Oberammergau.

The pestilence stopped at once, so tradition says, and the first Passion Play was presented in 1634. The vow has been kept ever since and in 1674 the date was changed so that the performance would fall on decimal years, such as 1680, 1690 and so on into modern times.

So it is not surprising that Anton Lang was distressed when he believed the Passion Play was being converted into a money-making scheme.

As he portrayed the role of Christus, one of the most impressive scenes was the incident where Christ drives the money-changers from the temple. In his interpretation of that scene, there was indignation and firm determination, but no violence, no suggestion of belligerency.

And for years he had been using all of his influence to keep the committee from commercializing the play and, as he saw it, turning Oberammergau over to the "money-changers"—all sort of enterprising people whose chief interest was in making a profit for themselves.

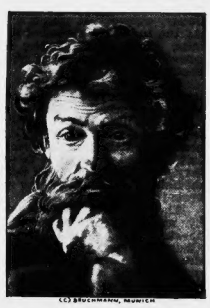
A potter, who specialized in making porcelain stoves, Anton Lang was busy in his workshop on the day in the late Nineties when the committee, composed of the town fathers, came to him and announced that he had been chosen for the part of Christus. Every young man in the village wanted that part, of course. But no one ever asked for it, or openly sought it, or tried to get it through political trickery. For almost three centuries, no one in Oberammergau had thought of such a thing.

All the roles, from ancient times, had been assigned by secret balloting, but the town fathers had always believed that when they cast their votes they were being guided by Divine will. Thus they believed that they always selected the villagers whose manner of living had best suited them to play the leading roles. Sometimes, however, a boy would spend his youth training himself for the part of Christus, only to see it given to someone else.

This happened in the case of Johann Zwink, who played Judas Iscariot when Anton Lang was the Christus. No one could have been more devout than Johann, but unfortunately he grew up with features that took such a villainous cast that the only important role he could possibly play was Judas.

But during rehearsals there was trouble. While Johann had the face of a villain, his real piety shone through it and since he did not feel the part he was unconvincing. So the committee told him he must use his imagination and make himself feel like a villain.

Saintly Anton Lang, With the Long Hair and Beard He Always Wore.



Johann Zwink, Who Became So Obsessed With His Role of Judas He Almost Committed Suicide.

For months he went around muttering in his red beard and casting furtive glances at Anton Lang, whom he really admired. In this way he eventually worked himself up to the point of giving an excellent performance. But this self-hypnotism was almost too successful. It terrified the pious man so much that he became obsessed with the idea that he must really commit suicide, as Judas does in the Scriptures, and after each performance his friends had to keep a close watch over him.

The first intimation that the Passion Play might be in danger of being marred by commercialization came after the 1922 season, when there were charges of profiteering. An investigation, however, disclosed that the profiteering was not by the simple villagers but by various organizations which invaded the peaceful little town for the purpose of exploiting the thousands of visitors attracted there by the sacred spectacle.

The villagers themselves scarcely made enough that year, which was during the inflationary period in Germany, to pay the cost of the production. So in 1923, Anton Lang visited the United States with a company of players, making personal appearances in a number of American cities. In that way and by selling their handicraft products, their wood carvings and pottery, they raised $100,000, which was used to relieve suffering at home.

But Herr Lang used all of his influence to keep the committee from accepting offers to commercialize the production and on one occasion he said he would be opposed to letting the Passion Play be made into a moving picture even for a million dollars.

The approach of the 1930 season, however, saw a change in the committee. The older village fathers were replaced by progressive young men who had been watching what was going on in the rest of the world and they were the ones who decided that the old actor was not the type to play the role of the Saviour for modern audiences.

All sorts of dissention soon broke out under this new regime. Some of the villagers wanted to give the role of Mary Magdalene to Anni Rutz, daughter of a widow who ran a candy shop, but others objected on the grounds that Anni did not look the part. Anni had gentle, almost saintly features, and while it was true that Mary Magdalene became a saint after her sins were forgiven, before that time she was a worldly creature. If the play was to be brought up-to-date, with the idea of attracting bigger and more profitable audiences, whoever played the part should have a more definite physical appeal.

At the same time, there was squabbling over who was to play the Virgin Mary. Hansi Presinger, the postmaster's daughter, had been tutored since childhood for that role, and many of the villagers thought she ought to have it. But others said that even though she was a girl of excellent character, her particular type of beauty made her unsuited for that part and that she ought to be cast as Mary Magdalene. The ultimate solution was that Anni was given the part of the Virgin Mary and Hansi the part of Mary Magdalene, but before the question was settled the wrangling went on for several months, perhaps causing more distress to ageing Anton Lang than to anyone else.

Another thing that must have contributed to the old actor's despondency was a damage suit that was brought against his successor, Alois Lang, soon after the closing of the 1930 season. That year, due to the modern methods of showmanship, so many visitors came to see the play that members of the cast had to hire extra chambermaids to look after the "guests" they took into their homes on a paying basis.

At the end of the season, the four maids hired by Alois went to court and accused him of holding back $475 in tips that were due them. They said they had been told that it would be undignified and out of keeping with the spirit of the Passion Play for them to accept tips from the boarders, but that their tips would be added to the board bills, deducted and later turned over to them. They said they had not received the money and the court ordered Alois to pay them.

The modern auditorium which was built for the 1930 season and the introduction of electrical equipment for lighting the stage also disturbed the old actor, who felt that this was further evidence that the original purpose of the Passion Play was being marred by the profit motive.

In 1930 and again in 1934, when the play was presented for a special season in honor of the 300th anniversary of the first performance, he delivered the prologue and seemed to be reasonably contented with that minor part. But the many evidences of commercialism which had crept into Oberammergau continued to prey on his mind, his friends say, until his health was impaired and it was necessary for him to enter Munich Hospital for an operation. It was a comparatively simple operation and afterwards the doctors were puzzled because he did not regain his strength.

Time after time they told him he would soon be back on his feet if he would only make up his mind to get well. But he would only smile at them and shake his head. He was conscious right up to the end, but for quite a while he had said nothing. Then, just before closing his eyes for the last time, he whispered:

"Es ist vollbracht"—it is finished.

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Unhappy Adventures o

Mlle. Rahna, Famous Dancer of the Paris Oper
Behind the Scenes of the Trials, Tempt
and Tragedies Which Beset Wome
Seek a Career in the Theatr

Sacha Lyo, Seventeen-Year-Old Dancer, Artist and Musician, Who Ended Her Promising Young Life With Gas Because Her Elderly Admirer Refused to Marry Her.

Scene From the Movie as Mlle. Marcelle Romee Runs Along the Bank of the River Seine, Seeking a Place to Plunge to Her Death.

Film Shows the Actress Still Searching for a Spot in the River Deep Enough to Accomplish Her Suicide.

Pausing for a Moment Along the River Bank, She Hesitates At a Pool Which, Perhaps, Is Not Deep Enough for Her Purpose.

Jenny Golder, Possessed of Youth, Beauty and Wealth, Killed Herself Because She Became Obsessed With the Strange Notion That She Must Atone for Her Dramatic Success by Sacrificing Her Life.

Above Are the Fou Scenes From th Film Where Mlle Romee Escape From a Sanatorium Runs Along th Bank of the Seine Near Paris, Dis robes at a Bridg and Plunges t Death in the River Mlle. Romee Stages Her Suicide Exactl as She Had Playe the Part in the Films.

Peggy Vere, Who Accompanied Rahna on a Hunt for a Job, Which Developed An Unpleasant Episode.

Mlle. Jane R

By MADEMOISELLE MARCELLE RAHNA.

CHAPTER II.

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(Continued from Last Sunday)

WHEN I look back on my years on the stage, I sometimes think that there is no other profession in which so many tragedies occur and each time my thoughts take this melancholy turn I recall what happened to poor Jenny Golder, who used to be one of my most intimate friends.

Few dancers have risen so rapidly to fame as Jenny, and it is still a mystery to most people why, at the height of success, she committed suicide. Having been her confidante, I happen to know the reasons of her despairing act, but before giving them, let me speak first of her career.

M. Jacques Charles, ex-manager of the Olympia Theatre, discovered Jenny Golder in Brussels, where she was dancing at the Savoy from two to three in the morning. Taking a fancy to this Australian girl, with the "eyes of Max Linder and the teeth of Mistinguett," he brought her to the French capital and secured a position for her at the Casino de Paris.

Jenny's role was an insignificant one—not much better than that of a figurante. In fact, all she had to do was to sing a couplet—"Je lui ai fait de l'oeil" (I winked at him), but when the curtain went down at the first performance, she was famous. As headliner at the Folies Bergere, she scored a big hit with "Jenny, n'me r'garde pas comme ca!" (Jenny, don't look at me like that!)—a song which Paris hummed for a season. She also popularized another ditty, "Je me suis donnee dans un soupir" (I surrendered with a sigh).

Following a trip to London and a triumphal tour of the continent, Miss Golder came back to Paris to star at the Palace. Like a person possessed, she burned up the boards, and critics vied with each other in praising her voice, vivacity, and the funny faces she displayed when firing off volleys of jokes at the audience.

But one night she sprained her knee cutting capers on the stage, and was laid up for weeks in a sanatorium at Le Vesinet, near Paris. Then, while music-hall fans waited impatiently for her return to the "rampe," came the news of her suicide. Some said that when the artiste covered her sick-bed with flowers and shot herself, she was merely playing to the gallery, never dreaming the wound would prove fatal. Others declared that Jenny, forced to turn down several engagements because of her injured knee, ended her life in a fit of depression.

But there seems to be no doubt that Jenny was obsessed with a strange idea that she must sacrifice her life to atone for her success on the stage. Perhaps she thought it was better to die at the height of her career—rather than wait until old and forgotten.

It was a love-deception, however, that caused her suddenly to make the decision. M. Andre, well-known bootmaker of Paris, was the idol of her heart, and Jenny wanted to marry him. But Andre, though legally separated from his wife, was not yet divorced, and she had to content herself with being his sweetheart.

Perhaps all would have gone well if her admirer had not been so handsome. Andre was continually surrounded by fashionable beauties and stage celebrities, who dropped in to his shop, not so much to try on lizard-skin shoes or satin slippers, as to try and vamp him. At any rate, that is what Jenny thought, and many were the scenes of jealousy she enacted.

That summer he rented a villa for Jenny at St. Cloud, and had the rooms decorated in green, her favorite color. But when he took Jenny to see the place, she expressed dissatisfaction with the "verte amande" color scheme, pretending that this particular shade of green brought bad luck.

Jenny rarely visited the St. Cloud retreat, preferring to remain at Le Vesinet, where she nursed her knee and her jealous rage. If Andre called, she was sure to reproach him for his attention to such actresses as Damia, Yvonne Vallee, or others, who were often seen at his shoe emporium.

One afternoon Andre sent his young lady secretary to Le Vesinet to fetch Miss Golder and drive her to St. Cloud. "Why didn't he come himself to get me?" exclaimed Jenny, sitting bolt upright in bed. As the secretary stammered an excuse, the artiste, brushing aside some roses strewn on the coverlet, continued:

"It's just as well Andre kept away. The traitor! If he had put in an appearance, I would have shot him down like a dog!" Then, drawing a pistol from beneath her pillow, she pressed the muzzle against her left side and fired before the secretary could stop her. Jenny died immediately, the bullet having penetrated her heart.

The funeral services, attended by numerous personalities of the theatre, were held in the Protestant Church, on the Avenue Marceau. Andre was the chief mourner, yet he quickly forgot his grief, for ten days later I noticed one of his women friends wearing the superb pearl necklace he had given poor Jenny.

Disappointment in love also led to the suicide of another star I knew—Mlle. Sacha Lyo, seventeen-year-old Russian danseuse. She began studying the choregraphic art under Mme. Helene Gontcharowa, maitresse de ballet of the Chatelet, and, at the age of thirteen, made her debut at the Gaiete-Lyrique, my old stamping-ground, appearing later in a Saint-Granier revue with Horam, her dancing partner. Sacha was starring in "Sex Appeal," at the Casino de Paris, when she decided to be finished with her existence.

The girl was skilled in acrobatic and eccentric numbers, winning encomiums from critics and applause from the crowd. Her exquisite grace and beauty inspired more than one artist, while the renowned Russian sculptor, Jourevitch, made a statue of her which he exhibited at the Salon.

Besides being a dancer, Mlle. Lyo (her true name was Schmidt) was a painter of no mean ability, and the most attractive thing in her dressing room—when she wasn't in it—was an exhibit of water-color studies, from her brush, that covered the walls. She was likewise an accomplished pianist and violin player.

But Sacha, with all her gifts, found little joy in her work, and was called by her comrades — "the precocious child who never smiles." Like many of her compatriots on the banks of the Volga, she was predisposed to melancholy. She possessed senses more delicate than others, was more imaginative, more impressionable. Yet this very sensibility, which is one of the conditions of artistic talent, caused her to suffer keenly.

Sacha became enamored of a young actor in the Casino troupe—a newly-wed—yet because he seemed to slight her, she talked of committing suicide. Soon, however, she had forgotten him and was head-over-heels in love with an Egyptian visitor to Paris.

This dark-skinned Don Juan—more than twice her age—had the manners of a cavalier, the purse of a Prince. He brought beautiful bouquets to her, dined with her in the most expensive night clubs, bought her jewels and dresses. But the affair ended abruptly when Sacha asked him to marry her. Willing enough to be her companion while in Paris, he balked at the idea of going back to Egypt with a dancer for a wife.

Finding it impossible to realize her dreams of wedded bliss and luxury, the sensitive creature determined to die. She went to her home, at No. 137 Rue Lamarck, sent her mother off to the movies, locked herself up in the kitchen, and turned on the gas. When her mother returned, Sacha had been dead for several hours. Before expiring, the broken-hearted girl scribbled the following note to her Egyptian Prince Charming:

"I love you more than you believe. You will forget me in a life of pleasure, but I will remember in the tomb."

Mlle. Marcelle Romee, twenty-nine-year-old actress, renowned for her tragic roles on stage and screen, committed suicide by jumping in the Seine, after first disrobing near the Chatou Bridge. Her cloak, fur, dark green velvet dress and serpent-skin shoes were found on the river-bank by Mme. Jeanne Larcher, who saw the artiste plunge to her death.

She had appeared in an United Artists' production, "Coeur de Lilas" (Heart of Lilas), taking the part of a street-girl, who seeks death by drowning. Later in the year, Mlle. Romee was featured in another picture, "La Nuit a l'Hotel" (Night in the Hotel), in which she played the role of Marion Barnes, a woman who kills herself because of a love-deception.

By a curious mental process not uncommon among highly impressionable artistes, Mlle. Romee came to identify herself with the unhappy heroines of these two scenarios, feeling the authors' fictions were actual episodes in her own life. She brooded long over fancied wrongs, became haunted by the idea of self-destruction, suffered a nervous collapse, and died a martyr to her vivid imagination and abnormal sensibility.

The career of Mlle. Romee—her real name was Arband—was as brilliant as it was brief. On leaving the conservatory, she made her debut at the Theatre Francais, in Musset's, "On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour" (One Does Not Trifle with Love). This play, wherein the poet brands all men as liars, cheats and hypocrites, deeply impressed Mlle. Romee, no doubt, although it did not prevent her falling in love with an actor, Henri Bosco, who later broke off their relations—and her heart.

For five years the actress was called on to show her versatility at the "Maison de Moliere," and she triumphed, whether the pieces were classic or modern, comic or tragic.

f a Stage Star—

a, Reveals Secrets ations, Follies en Who e

LIFE is no bed of roses for the stage dancer. The supple damsel, whose gyrations win the applause of the front rows, exposes herself to tuberculosis in the poisoned atmosphere of the dressing rooms; to pneumonia in draughty corridors; to the danger of twisted ankles from stray ropes, of broken bones from falling blocks, of electrocution from live-wires.

To triumph, a danseuse must have indomitable energy, to say nothing of talent. She has to defend herself against the whole world, and, most of all, against herself. The wrong doors are always open to her. The right doors often closed.

The more successful she is, the more enemies she makes among members of her calling. Hatred lies ambushed in the wings. Rivals form cabals, engaging in an underhand and merciless warfare which imperils her fame and fortune, especially if she be without powerful protectors. She is forced to fight her foes with the weapons of intrigue, treachery and slander.

Ah, why does she ever try to please the crowd—it is so fickle! Feted today, she may be forgotten tomorrow, and how bitter it is to abdicate. To step down and out—that is a "step" the coryphee rarely performs with grace, even though she possesses the genius of a Taglioni.

—*Rahna.*

Coming At Last To a Bridge, the Actress Decides That This Is the Spot and, Throwing Off Her Clothes, She Leaps to Death in the Swirling Waters Below.

Mr. Keith Trevor and His Bride, Mlle. Jane Marnac.

enouardt, the Parisian Stage Beauty, and Friend of Mlle. Rahna.

Friends at Length Persuaded the Despondent Actress to Try the Cure in Le Vesinet, But the Skill of the Specialists in Ministering to Her Diseased Mind Was Powerless Before the Suicidal Mania That Possessed Her. After Making Two Unsuccessful Attempts to Kill Herself by Jumping from Her Bedroom Window, Mlle. Romee Finally Managed to Elude the Hospital Guards One Night, Climbed Over the Garden Wall, Wandered Through the Fog Till She Came to the Chatou Bridge, Disrobed and Disappeared in the Dark Waters of the Seine. She Had Played Her Last Tragic Role.

Marcelle had learned to her sorrow how hard it was to exist on the meagre salary she received. At first, she had done what most of the pretty actresses in her situation are obliged to do—lived on a friend. Yet this "easiest way" of living was repugnant to her. Long before quitting the footlights for the films, she had sent her last admirer packing—a prominent Parisian journalist, who spent large sums on her—and had struggled along ever since, resolved to live independently.

Mlle. Romee's stage triumphs were repeated in the studios, where she gained golden opinions—and coins—from the movie directors, who marveled at her art as shown in "Le Cap Perdu," and the screen version of Somerset Maugham's play, "The Letter." Marcelle was no longer troubled by financial worries, she bade adieu to sentimental adventures, and now devoted her energy and talent to the interpretation of the parts assigned her.

To incarnate a given role was her great ambition. Like the illustrious Adrienne Lecouvreur, she expressed so perfectly the traits of some fictitious character that one beheld in her only the person represented and wholly forgot the actress. "Vivre une situation," was Marcelle's motto, and her subsequent mental vagaries were largely owing to the fact that she took her parts too seriously.

Mlle. Romee, who was a creature of sensibility more than of sound judgment, became effected by the roles of "Lilas" and "Marion Barnes," whose thoughts were bent on suicide. She was so forcibly stirred by their woes that her own imagination was upset, and the deluded woman believed that she herself had experienced their wretchedness. She well illustrated the opinion of Bayle: "The mind is subject to epidemics, just like the body."

Marcelle's natural melancholy now deepened into gloom, her gloom became a fixed sorrow, and from that to a settled disgust of life and a longing for death was but a step. She often abandoned the studio to visit the banks of the Marne, near Joinville, where she had acted the part of the poor heroine, "Lilas." The water attracted Mlle. Romee with a mysterious charm; she would follow the banks of the stream, stopping before the deep places and telling herself, with a sinister delight: "How easy it would be! I should only have to take a single step!"

Once, at Bagnoles-de-l'Orne, where the vedette went to be filmed in "Son Mari," she fell ill, unexpectedly, and had to be replaced by a substitute. An actress, extremely jealous of Marcelle, asked whether she did not feel vexed at not being able to act in the picture, on account of her sickness, and Mlle. Romee replied, moodily: "Not in the least. My sole complaint is that some one does not come to double for me in this intolerably tedious life-role of mine."

On another occasion, while Marcelle was returning home late from the studio, the sky was suddenly illumined by a full moon rising from a cloud-bank. "For God's sake!" she cried, "Extinguish that reflector! Haven't I worked enough for today?" Her companions began to regard the woman's "wild and whirling words" as a sign of incipient insanity, and wondered if she were fated to suffer like her grandmother—a celebrated beauty in her day—who died raving mad.

Alarmed at their star's condition, the film directors gave her a vacation, she made a trip to the mountains of Savoy. Here she passed a few weeks at the resort of Mont-Revart, yet her gloomy frame of mind, judged from the following letter she sent to one of her friends in Paris, remained unchanged:

"Have spent the night at my window looking at the stars. When I was a child, I had a governess who knew the names of all the stars. She taught me to recognize them, and I can find them still. They were in the heavens before we were born, and will be after we are dead.

"Did you ever think, dear, that the night looked just the same to Cleopatra, Mary Stuart, Marie Antoinette, all the women who, across the centuries, represent immense disasters, tragic sorrows, and splendid fame?

"Did you ever think that they have watched the same moon and these stars with the same eyes as ours, with the same delight and sadness; and that they have passed away as we shall beneath these motionless stars, eternally indifferent to our joy and misery?

"When these thoughts come to me, when I think of what poor creatures we are, with all our agonies that cannot move an atom of this immensity, I ask myself what matter our laws, our customs, our prejudices, our vanity in supposing that we are of any importance in this impassive universe."

Mlle. Romee returned to the French capital, but not to work. The entreaties of picture producers were of no avail, and she even refused a flattering contract Henry Bernstein offered her at the Gymnase Theatre. Disillusion had seized her, she had ceased to care for the art that was once her very life, and shut herself up in her apartment, on the Avenue de Suffren.

Friends at length persuaded the despondent artiste to try the cure at "La Villa des Pages," in Le Vesinet, but the skill of the specialists was powerless before the suicidal mania that possessed her. After making two unsuccessful attempts to kill herself by jumping from her bedroom window, Mlle. Romee finally managed to elude the hospital guards one night, climbed over the garden wall, wandered through the fog till she came to the Chatou Bridge, disrobed, and disappeared in the dark waters of the Seine.

She had played her last tragic role.

During the World War the show business in Paris was practically at a stand-still, and I was beginning to worry about my bread and butter when the Theatre des Mathurins timidly opened its doors. I lost no time applying for a position in the scheduled revue, finally securing an appointment with the director by dint of well-placed bribes. While waiting in his outer office, I struck up an acquaintance with Miss Peggy Vere, an English chorus girl, who had just arrived in Paris. She was also seeking a job, although she did not speak a word of French.

At last we were ushered into the private office of the director, whose name has slipped my memory, though I remember that I called him "cochon" (pig) before we left. He sat behind a littered desk and peered at us with little, bright crafty eyes that seemed to strip our garments from us one by one. He did not speak for at least two minutes, but eyed us with the consideration of a horse-trader.

"So you want to appear in my revue?" he said at length. "Good, but let me warn you in advance that the wages are low. However, I'll furnish you with fine costumes to show off your curves, and it's up to you to gold-dig the spectators at the bar during the entr'acte, or in your dressing room after the performance. Both of you are mighty easy to look at."

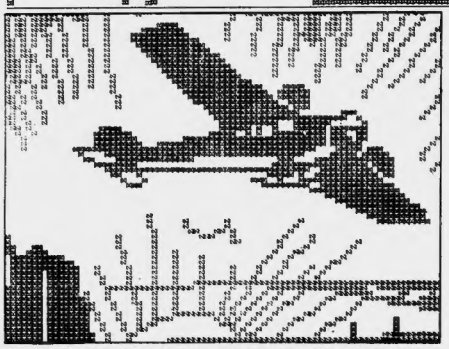
I know that decency is as rare in a Paris revue as a straw hat in January. Nevertheless, the cyni-

(Continued on Page 13)

"Painted" on the Typewriter

This Typewritten Picture of a Streamlined Train Took About Eight Hours to "Paint." It Is Composed of Capital H's, Except for a Few Dots in One of the Windows of the Cab. This Reproduction Is Only About Half the Size of the Original Typewritten Picture.

It Is Not Easy to Get Good Likenesses in Typewritten Portraits. But Everyone Will Recognize the Subject as That Popular Movie and Radio Star, Charlie McCarthy.



One of the Best of Mr. Belanger's Pictures. This Plane Flying Through a Sunset Sky is Made Entirely of Z's and E's. The Job Took Six Hours of Extremely Careful Typing.

ONE of the many interesting hobbies which occupy people's attention in leisure time is "typewriter painting." Almost as old as the typewriter itself, thousands of pictures have been pounded out on machines, using various letters for the pencil, pen or brush marks by orthodox artists. In spite of the many hobbies which have become popular in recent years, "typewriter paintings" have held their own and some of the best of the lot have, from time to time, been reproduced in the American Weekly.

The latest additions, ranking high in typewriter art, are the work of Rosaire J. Belanger, a young millhand of Saco, Maine. Rosaire has been doing art work on the typewriter since 1934 and some of the results are shown in the accompanying photographs.

"First I draw a sketch of the subject I wish to draw with a pencil," Rosaire explains, "then by placing this sketch on the typewriter I 'paint' it out with different letters until it is finished. While 'painting' I unlock the space lever of the machine so that the paper fits loosely in the machine. In this way I can manipulate the paper and so adjust it that letters will join one another instead of leaving spaces between them. Sometimes it is necessary to remove the paper and insert it sidewise. Of course then it must be folded, as otherwise, it is too long for the typewriter carriage."

The streamlined train took Rosaire nearly eight hours to complete.

The typewriter painting of an airplane flying through a sunset sky against a skyscraper background took him six hours of extremely careful typing.

"I made this entirely of the letters 'Z' and 'E' as they seemed to be most appropriate for this particular sketch," he explained. "Here again, the paper, which was 9x12 inches, was placed vertically in the machine.

"The airplane was typed out with a succession of 'E's' closely spaced together. So was part of the skyscraper background. I used the 'Z's' to get the effect of the slanting rays of the sun and the sun itself."

In the excellent likeness of Charlie McCarthy shown at the right, Rosaire shows his best example of typewriter art. Pictures of landscapes and of objects such as trains and airplanes are easy to do compared to portraits which one may readily recognize. This picture took the typewriter painter nearly 13 hours to complete.

Altogether, the Maine millhand has completed 150 of these typewriter paintings during the past four years. After he made his first half dozen he found that his work was so much admired that his hobby was becoming a profitable one. Friends decided that they had to have one or two for framing and so he began selling them and saving the money to study architecture.

To get the full effect of his work, Rosaire occasionally looked at it through a small reducing glass which had the effect of pulling it together and showing it as it should look. The accompanying pictures are approximately one half the size of those done with the typewriter.

Uncle Sam Uses Poison Gas—On Bugs

WHILE pacifists and others are deploring the use of poison gas, Uncle Sam is using the deadly fog in a war right in his own country—in northwestern Colorado, to be specific.

The enemy in this case is not an invading army, or a contingent of troublesome citizens bent upon striking, or going back to work in the face of objecting strikers, but an insect pest unpopularly known as the Mormon cricket.

For years farmers and ranchers in Colorado and other Western States have been fighting this hungry bug and trying, without much success, to get rid of it. Recently it has been found that the quickest and best way to go after the Mormon cricket, which is a big grasshopper-like "critter," is to gas the nuisance. The deadly fumes sink down into the grass and get bugs that would escape any of the usual methods of extermination.

The gas is spread by an army of men carrying guns that shoot poison gas bombs. The present plan is to "gas" a good part of the 22,000-acre tract. Uncle Sam has allotted a dollar an acre for the war, and the counties in which the battle will be waged are supposed to contribute 25 per cent of the cost.

Is There Life on the Moon After All?

SLIGHTLY more than 238,000 miles from the Earth, the moon for centuries has intrigued astronomers and scientists with its possibilities of exploration. Rockets and other space annihilating machines have been proposed for trips to the moon and some have even been designed. One of the questions most often asked when a lunar voyage is discussed is whether one would find life on the moon if it were possible to land there. Now Mr. Walter H. Haas, well-known astronomer of Mount Union College Observatory, Ohio, believes that there may be at least a form of plant life waiting to be studied by some interspace traveler.

Mr. Haas through a powerful telescope has observed dark streaks up and down the sides of one of the moon's giant craters, perhaps caused by vegetation or some still more mysterious living growth. The crater is the one which astronomers call Aristarchus. It is probably the most conspicuous of hundreds of crater-like lunar mountains which are visible through even a small telescope.

Like other lunar craters, Aristarchus has no sign of lakes, forests, cities or other features which would be seen from the earth. Most astronomers believe the whole moon surface is airless, waterless and dead. Years ago, however, the late Professor W. H. Pickering saw on the moon what he thought were changes like those which might be caused by some low form of vegetation.

This is what Mr. Haas confirms. When the lunar sunrise first touches Aristarchus, ushering in the two-week lunar day, no streaks up and down the crater walls are visible. About halfway through the lunar morning five distinct dark bands begin to appear.

Gradually these grow darker, as though some kind of black or dark gray plant were springing up in patches on the crater walls. At the approach of lunar night, these bands become invisible in the darkness and during that two-week night they apparently vanish altogether. With the next sunrise they start all over again, much as though some lowly kind of vegetation were killed down to the ground by each night's cold but revived again during the following lunar day.

There's nothing a scientist enjoys so much as a battle of ideas with a fellow scientist. And there are few subjects as controversial as the problem of whether the moon and Mars support life. Astronomers will doubtless soon be hurling theories again to discount this latest find.

Howard Nichols, of Ashland, Kentucky, Claims to Be the Champ at Hooping It Up. In the Picture He is Keeping 11 of the Wooden Rings Spinning Simultaneously.

Spring Styles You Can Eat

This Spring Bonnet, Shown in New York City, Could Be Lifted Off the Young Woman's Head and Served as a Salad. It's a Lettuce Leaf Garnished With a Bunch of Radishes.

WHEN the faculty of one of New York City's many fashion academies became whimsical the other day and decided to stage a millinery design contest in which pupils were limited to 25 cents for hat materials, the spring bonnet shown at the left was promptly entered in the exhibition by one ingenious student. It is a vegetarian's delight of lettuce leaves garnished with a bunch of radishes and sprinkled with a few drops of water which, falling upon it like the gentle dew from heaven, freshens it up. Salt, pepper and other seasoning have not been added.

Clever as it is, the wearer, of course, runs more hazards than she would incur in sporting more conventional millinery.

The designer has pointed out that the creation should be worn only on certain occasions. Just before a meal, it might distract others by arousing their hunger; after, it might be disturbing because the desire to see food is gone. Also, the neat salad hat should not be worn by anyone who takes early morning strolls along streets where milkmen's horses might reach out and grab a tasty and unexpected breakfast right off the head of the pedestrian.

The Champ Hoop Roller?

ANYONE who ever has tried to roll a hoop along the sidewalk can appreciate the artistry of Howard Nichols of Ashland, Kentucky, who can keep no fewer than 11 hoops revolving continuously about his ankles, legs, neck, fingers, wrists and arms. In fact wherever there is a place available to roll a hoop, Howard can roll it.

He claims to be the world's champion at hooping it up and he has had 20 years' practice at it. Folks who knew Howard back in the days when he only had one or two hoops to his name point out that the skill he has developed is the result of unusual co-ordination and a fine sense of balance. In action with 11 rings whirling about his person, his movements resemble those of a football tackle with St. Vitus' dance trying to hold a line on a chilly day after someone has slipped a lump of ice down the back of his neck.

Nevertheless all his movements are carefully calculated to keep the hoops in motion and he exhibits great skill in doing so.

It's a good many years since Nichols was a little boy rolling hoops. But he had so much fun doing it as a child that he was determined even then not to abandon something so pleasant—and he never did.

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Dice—Man's First Gambling Game

Among the Relics of Many Ancient Cities Archeologists Have Found Dice Which Have Remained Unchanged During the Centuries. On the Left Is One of a Set of Etruscan Cubes and Next to It an Elongated Egyptian Die of the Ptolemaic Period. The Rounded Cube Inlaid With Ebony Dates Back to the Italian Renaissance. In the Center Is a Backgammon Board With Dice, from the Site of Ancient Ur of the Chaldees. At the Right, a Pair of Dice from Mesopotamia Used 3,000 Years B. C.

Newest Discoveries About "Galloping Dominoes" Invented by the Cave Men, for Centuries the Toys of the Nobility, Ostracized by Modern Society, and Now They Turn Up in Sculpture on An English Church Altar

A Chalice Dating Back to 3,000 B. C. —Part of a Gambling Set Used by Egyptian Royalty.

The New Panel Behind the Altar at Yorkminster, England, Which Shows a Dice Game at the Foot of the Cross.

Enlarged View of a Section from the Yorkminster Panel, Picturing Roman Soldiers Tossing Dice to Decide Who Should Have the Clothes of the Saviour

And when they had crucified him, they parted his garments, casting lots upon them, what every man should take—Mark, 15:24

LONDON.

COMMENT has been re-aroused in England recently when some close observer pointed out that two of the most prominent figures in the beautifully sculptured reredos or panel behind the altar of staid old Yorkminster are Roman soldiers indulging in an ancient version of a modern craps game. No dice game in history has been so widely told of as the one in which these calloused gamblers played against each other in the shadow of the Cross for the bits of clothing torn from the body of the Saviour.

But a lot of people seemed to feel that the sculptor, who was George Tinworth, a London potter, shouldn't have given the gamblers quite so much prominence when the work he was doing was to stand directly behind the altar in one of the world's greatest cathedrals.

What most of the critics didn't understand was that while the ivories have been socially ostracized today, they once were the playthings of the most cultured people in the land and that even prostates rolled the bones with kings back in the days when history was younger and gambling was not frowned upon as now.

And when St. Augustine declared the Devil himself invented dicing, little children of the parish of St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire in England, toss dice under local ecclesiastical supervision each Whit-Tuesday. They are gambling for six Bibles which are presented the six winners each year. They have been conducting this unique dice game since sometime in the seventeenth century when a religious rendent left a fund to the church, the interest from which was to be used to purchase the Bibles annually. Originally the youngsters shot their dice on the altar itself, although as a more recent compromise with the times, the Whit-Tuesday crap game uses a less sanctified table in the church school.

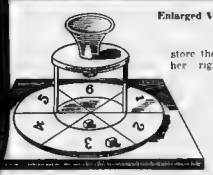
Actually, dice, just exactly as we know them today, six sided cubes numbered from one to six, and so numbered that all opposite sides total up to seven, have been in use for centuries. The "Galloping Dominoes" are so old that their origin is believed to date back to the cave men, and thousands of years ago they were used by the Hindus and Chinese. That the cubes are ancient, even if not entirely respectable, has been proven by archeologists who go about poking picks into the past, turning up secrets of long dead civilizations, peeping into tombs of long dead men, and nosing around in the kitchens of perfect strangers who are not around to resent the intrusion—so that the modern world can learn how the ancient world lived.

In almost every excavation of any importance in Rome, Egypt, and other old-time civilizations, among the rewards of the excavators have been dice, sometimes fashioned of metal, sometimes of bone, wood, ivory, and a number of other substances, but always made the same way, just as we make them today. Not only that but there were slickers in the good old days as well as today. The archeologists have found plenty of "loaded dice"—dice so weighted that a certain number appears when they are thrown far more than the law of averages or any other law warrants.

Columbia University Co-eds Studying the Mathematical Laws of Probability by Using Dice.

At the Field Museum in Chicago there are a pair of ivory dice on display that were used in Egypt during the reign of Cleopatra, and no matter how they are rolled or who rolls them, two and five always come up. Some Egyptian crap shooter must have made a very good thing indeed out of these educated ivories until the rest of the boys caught on. The archeologists can't tell just what happened then, but human nature in Egypt was pretty much the same as human nature today, so probably what happened was not conducive to the health of the overly-smart Egyptian.

Another method of confusing the law of averages in a crap game is by skilful manipulation of the cubes. If dice are picked up in the hand with a certain number uppermost, and rolled out carefully, there is a good chance that that same number will come up again, at least a much better chance than the law of averages allows. Some skilled dice players become so adept at this method of manipulation that they can call their shots a surprising number of times. To prevent this, today, most places where dice are shot, they must be thrown against a panel, or shot out of a cup, usually of leather. The ancients were on to this trick, too, and they knew how to beat it. A dice cup of ivory, inlaid with gold, was taken from a tomb of the Pharaohs that dates back at least 3,000 years.



Old Print of a Saxon Dice Box of the 14th Century.

An even more elaborate guard against cheating was taken from the tomb of a Nubian chieftain who ruled somewhere around 400 A. D. in the form of what now is called a dice tower, some eight inches high. The dice were dropped in at the top and bounced down from one slanting shelf to another to assure that they were well shaken up before they rolled out of a hole at the bottom and onto a table.

Sophocles, in a fragment of his writings translated many years ago, credits the invention of dice to one Palamades, a fellow Greek who taught the game to his friends during the tiresome siege of Troy. The Greeks whiled away much of their leisure moments over the cubes but Sophocles didn't know just what he was talking about, because dice were old before Greece was thought of—the siege of Troy, to restore the beautiful Helen to her rightful spouse, was around 1200 B. C., just some 3,000 years ago.

The ruins of the city of Tepe Gawra are credited with being about the oldest the archeologists have uncovered so far, and among the things they dug up were dice. Tepe Gawra was a booming metropolis some 6,000 years ago, so Palamades' dice boasted a healthy family tree even when the warriors tossed them just outside the walls of Troy.

Probably the highest social honors ever accorded dice occurred during the Roman era when they received the serious attention of an emperor. The Romans were sporting fellows. They liked to watch gladiatorial contests in which sometimes thousands of specially trained fighters went about the business of killing each other for the amusement of their audience. But the Romans had a few less strenuous pastimes too, and dice was one of the main ones.

How important they were in the Roman scheme is hinted at when it is revealed that the Emperor Claudius took time out from the weighty affairs of the Roman state to write a book on dice and how to play them. In fact, dice became so important an affair to the Romans that the government finally was forced to frown on it. Too much money was being tossed across the gambling tables to suit the Roman reformers and a law was finally passed which declared that if anyone allowed dice to be played in his house he had no recourse to the courts if one of the players gypped him out of his fortune, smacked him across the nose in the heat of the game, or smashed a few prized statues in expressing his indignation over an unusual string of bad luck.

For the lower classes, there were always shrewd-eyed gentry with dice hanging around the public houses, ready to spin them on a moment's notice for anything the sucker might chose to gamble—and bucking these dice usually was a sucker's game for almost all of the dice used in the public houses were of the educated, or loaded variety. But cheating wasn't confined to the low-brows. There were plenty of scandals among the highest of highclass, and one Roman Emperor, Caligula, was so notoriously crooked at dice that nobody played with him unless they couldn't get out of it.

In fact, even the word dice reveals a sinister connotation. It comes from the Latin "dare," which means "to give" and many players both ancient and modern, have discovered to their sorrow that that is just what dice mean to them.

As a matter of fact, the odds are slightly against a player even in an honest dice game. Professor John Von Neumann, Princeton mathematician has figured out that even in the most strictly honorable crap game a player has only a 490 chance of winning, out of 1,000—equal odds would be 500, and while the percentage against the player seems very slight, those slight percentages mean big money, in the long run.

The game of dice became popular in Germany, probably introduced there by the barbarian hordes that battled their way into northern Italy, and back out again, and for some time dicing was one of the popular diversions of the Germanic day.

The French courts, always on the lookout for something to do to pass the time, took to dice eagerly. Knights and ladies, nobles and kings, learned to toss the ivories and several of the French Kings were notorious gamesters. Their dice were sometimes made from solid gold with precious stones set into them to mark the spots, and in the courts of the Rajahs and the palaces of the Mandarins, dice have been popular since before the dawn of history, and still are. Even the American Indians liked the cubes and were playing them at least as early as 1636, according to Father Brebeuf, a priest who sojurned among the tribesmen and wrote a long account of a typical Indian crap game.

And while dice today are not in favor in polite circles, they were highly favored by the soldiers of all armies who fought in the World War, and were one game which all could play regardless of lack of common language, or common race.

Even though the leaders of society do not approve of dice today, authorities say that millions of dollars are won and lost mostly lost, or, dice in this country today. There is a lure to the galloping dominoes that seems to attract even non-gamblers. And only recently a dice game called Bunco played with three cubes swept the country. Oddly enough Bunco was particularly popular at church socials women's club gatherings, and so on. It was distinctly a feminine game.

Recently Columbia University conducted some experiments on the mathematical laws of probability using dice for their experiments and the students, among them two co-eds shown rolling the bones in a photograph on this page, learned for a certainty that it is pretty hard to beat the cubes.

Of course craps shooting was not the only game in which dice were used by the ancients. The Chaldeans played at a game very much like our modern backgammon, as some very modern archeologists learned to their surprise when they dug into the ruins of old Ur and found an old time backgammon board. The old looking board, carved from stone, and painted, is illustrated at the center of the top picture on this page. And along with the board, they found the inevitable dice.

It is evident from the enlarged photograph of the Yorkminster panel that the Roman soldiers who diced for the Saviour's clothes didn't trust each other any too much, for the picture shows them tossing the dice out of a cup, to avoid any fancy manipulation of the cubes by clever players who knew how to hold dice in such a manner as to do tricks with the laws of probability.

But while some may critize the propriety of the artist making the figures of the dice players quite so conspicuous in his panel that was to grace a cathedral, the archeologists can tell him that he was at least 100 per cent right about his facts. The Romans did, and do, probably shoot craps.

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PORTALS OF ILLUSION *No. 6—The Diamond of Desire*

By H. BEDFORD-JONES

(Continued from Page 6)

receiving his arrogant commands'

At five that afternoon, the general and his aide, leading a beautiful white Arab horse, stopped for her. She came out, saluted him, climbed into the saddle while he and Beauharnais stared amazedly. The black brows came down over his piercing eyes.

"Your sense of humor is damned ill-timed!" he rasped in harsh reproof

"Citizen general, your sense of fitness is damned ill-timed'" She snapped back a volley of army oaths she had picked up on the troopship And the French army could swear "My costume may make you remember who I am, if you don't like it I'll stay at home."

She wore the stained, tattered sweat-smeared uniform of a private soldier in which she had left France

"Come along," said Bonaparte curtly, and turned his horse She rode beside him and Beauharnais followed

They passed through the streets on down to Boulac, and across the river toward the Pyramids The city with its budding bazaars and palaces, its vast ancient ruins that enclosed grazing fields its river suburb and bridge, fell behind The Arabs had scowled as they passed The soldiers stared and saluted and cheered lustily "La Generale'" Pauline caught the words the meaning The laugh, and her cheeks burned again

"La Generale'" Bonaparte chuckled Why not" Clever rascals' Do you know that I'm infatuated with you"

Scorn flashed in her eyes Th insolent calculating little beast'

"You're welcome to your illusions" she said lightly. "Flirtation

Bah' It is more than that," he broke in. "You belong to me You shall have anything you desire. All Egypt is at your feet, as I am"

The explosive words, their directness angered her again As though she were some light woman to be bought at command' She gave him a deliberate look, and army talk

"If you need a woman,' she said, smiling "send to the Arab quarter."

To her astonishment, he merely nodded, he might have been talking with one of his men

"I have," he said simply "They are quite impossible"

A laugh broke from her "But you have a wife in Paris'"

"She is in the arms of other men" His sunken, olive features were crossed by a spasm of terrible emotion. "I've just learned of it I shall divorce her"

"Careful, citizen general'" She gestured toward Beauharnais behind them "Not so loud I beg of you, forget this madness, this momentary infatuation "

"You don't understand that I have need of you, yourself, your love; nobody else would do!" he burst out "When I looked into your eyes the other night I recognized you I had to tell you, It's no infatuation, it's something deeper' I want you with me always, I want your help, your understanding, your sympathy -"

"Can't you think of some subject less absurd'" she cried with a rush of anger

"Perhaps, perhaps Here'" He fumbled in his pocket, leaned over toward her, and into her hand dropped half a dozen loose little stones gems ripped from their settings.

Stones such as the Arabs loved and valued A carved coral. Pale green stones, pale as the greenish sky after sunset which the natives called emeralds, flawed and worthless Blazing yellow topazes A glinting, luscious ruby of glorious lustre

"Keep them," he said indifferently "They're yours, and a thousand more like them"

With hot, furious impulse she flung them into the air. They glittered, flashed upon the sunset and were lost in the sand. He drew rein, staring at her

"Such trash does not become my uniform," she said. Her sultry eyes belied her smile, and gave the words point "Like your Arab women such baubles have an odor"

He ripped out one furious oath Swift passionately impulsively, he put hand to his sabre and drew it from the scabbard She tightened rein thinking he actually meant to strike her with it he was the type to strike a woman, she thought Instead, he merely passed her the handle of the weapon.

"Perhaps this goes better with the uniform?" he asked. "The scimitar belonged to Murad Bey, a chieftain of the Mamelukes."

She stared, her eyes distending That stone, set in the sword hilt, drew a catch of the breath from her A diamond such a diamond as she had never seen, even from afar, a diamond blazing with all the colors of the rainbow Bonaparte saw her expression, her while eyes her sharp intake of breath. He laughed softly withdrew the weapon, and thrust it back into its sheath.

"Suppose we talk of other things," he said, and fell into easy, impersonal speech

It was like a dream, the rest of that ride To Pauline, the man suddenly opened himself, disclosed oddly disjointed glimpses of his background, of his ambitions, he spoke less to her than to himself, it seemed He became candid, artless boyish in his intimate revelations

His school days, the few women he had known The girl he had been supposed to marry in Marseilles, only to throw her over for the aristocratic vicomtesse That same Josephine in the arms of Barras his secret enemy, now practically dictator, in Paris. His Italian campaign, his rise in the army, why he was here in Egypt, his hope of going on to India in the path of Alexander Vivid flashes of revelation, a man eager, unscrupulous, flaming with torrential energy, inhuman and terrible in his headlong vital momentum and ambition.

They rode back again through the city in the twilight Before the entry of her house, a Mameluke house with its stable under the dwelling for the cherished horse, Bonaparte stopped and took her hand, and kissed it

"Do you know that my destiny cannot be escaped?" he said quickly. "It is inevitable. Nothing can defeat me. Nothing can deny me. The Arabs are calling me sultan, well, I shall be a sultan, and more These things around us are only stepping-stones Egypt is nothing a barren wilderness, a stone upon which one mounts. You shall see. You shall share in this destiny Eugene' You have a knife? Let me have it."

Beauharnais came alongside and extended a pocket-knife. Bonaparte took it

"That is not true my share in it," broke out Pauline hotly. "You take too much for granted, citizen general. I return to France by the first ship available."

"Try," said Bonaparte laconically

He twisted up the pommel of the big sabre to his saddle-bow and worked at it with the knife-blade, loosening the setting of that coruscating diamond He bent back the metal with nervous strength, freed the stone, and suddenly thrust it into her hand

"Take it Think of me," he said 'Do you know what the Greeks called diamonds? Adamant. Adamant! They should have called it Bonaparte. Keep the horse, it is a present to you from Egypt Till tomorrow' Au revoir."

And he spurred away, with the aide behind him

The horse, a princely gift' Pauline, in a whirl, turned in at her own gateway, dismounted, kissed the wide-nostrilled muzzle of the Arab and turned the beast over to her two servants to stable Then she fled to an upstairs room, freed herself from the tight uniform, wrapped her eager body in soft silks, and flung herself down, by a window, to devour the stone that was clenched in her hand, to devour it with hungry, unappeasable eyes and heart

She broke off for a bite of food sent the two servants away, and returned to this new passion, examining it now beneath a cluster of lights

The riot in her brain, in her very soul, gradually calmed into coherent impressions and reflections The stone was oval, rose-cut a tremendous tiny thing its weight was perhaps twenty carats She knew nothing of this, she cared nothing. If there were flaws in the carbon drop, she was unaware of them

It was the thing itself that gripped her, that fascinated her that compelled her It was her first diamond, and a glorious one, a blue-white stone from Golconda mines, pulsing with fire and life and character Never again in her life, though diamonds glittered on every finger, would she know such a stone as this

For it wakened her, roused and stirred unguessed depths within her. Here under her finger-tips was the actual star of her destiny, though the realization came slowly Beside it, all other stones were as grains of sand, here was a real living force whose reflection and reaction left her shaken and quivering and adoring

The two servants had left for the night She was alone in the house, she wanted to be alone with this wondrous thing, as with a lover For now she knew the thrill, the self-abasing ecstasy of love She had never had a lover, until the impetuous bragart Foures came through Carcassonne on his way to join the expedition at Marseille, and swept her off her feet

That was not love. That was the wild rapture of adventure touching and enchanting the soul of the little apprentice-milliner She could look back at it all, now that Foures was gone forever, with wonder, laughter, and understanding. All the impetuous excitement of the disguise, the getting aboard, the departure; all the revolting details of the troopship and the men around—everything had helped her unfold and ripen and grow, as the warm breeze opens the flower-bud

Forgetful of time, she sat staring, thinking, musing at the clear white glory of the diamond in her fingers She was amazed at herself, at the effect this stone had upon her, not the stone, but what was in it, the life invisible there. Its touch was like the touch of a lover

Suddenly a cold chill lifted along her spine

She looked up, tense, listening, sharply recalled to the present. There was a sound from somewhere in the house. The ghastly finger of panic sent her out of her chair, darting at the table in the corner where lay the little loaded brass pistol and the long straight poniard, her own weapons.

The servants must have left a door unfastened or open. She knew the danger all too clearly. Turks or Bedouins stealing into the city and murdering lone Frenchmen made constant peril Danger, too, from riffraff of the army. Firing squads had shot down Arab chiefs and warriors by the score, and had shot more than one French plunderer or ravisher as well. Life was uncertain, for general or private or woman

She faced about, thrusting the little pistol under her robe, it lay cold against her bosom. The knife, she slid up her sleeve. There was the sound again someone was on the stairs, was at her very door! The heavy feet halted. A voice broke out another voice made answer from below A breath of relief escaped her, and she relaxed French voices, husky Provencal voices in the dialect she knew so well'

A man flung open the door started into the room then halted to blink at her A massive man a hairy man inflamed by liquor, a seaman from the fleet, now serving with the artillery, as his uniform showed

Hello, here's pickings'" he broke out, and grinned widely

A white girl, and a charming package at that' Good thing Louis downstairs

'Get out of here you drunken beast'" she snapped He blinked in delighted recognition at her own Provencal dialect 'Get out do you understand" This is an officer's house 'Clear out before you get tasen and shot'

He guffawed 'Eat chance of that' Officer's house eh" Officer's woman too all the better Liberty, Equality Fraternity that's my motto and Vive la Republique' An officer's woman is good enough for me

Obviously well drunk He pitched forward, seeking her Pauline had no particular fear of him, at first, obviously he did not know her, but she had met a thousand like him. She cursed him heartily, and he roared with new laughter. As he came close she slapped his hairy face hard and he laughed afresh

Not until he put out a hand to her shoulder touched her gripped her, not until she felt the massive strength of him, did she really fear fear. And then it was panic, as she shrank back against the wall, and he lowered above her

'Saperlipopette' Don't be so stingy with your kisses, little pigeon" he bawled gaily 'I'm a good fellow, a brave, a fine spender, you'll see!" He wrenched at her, his breath of garlic drenched her, for the instant, she was absolutely paralyzed with sheer blind terror He crushed her against him. "Here, what have you got under that gown, eh" Let's see—"

This," she said, waking into frantic action. She whipped out the pistol. With a furious oath he caught at her wrist. She fired.

The explosion was deafening The man staggered back with a bellow of rage and pain, The bullet had missed him, but the powder seared his face and eyes, blinding him, setting his greasy hair and whiskers afire. He stumbled across the room, collided with the wall, and leaned there, patting at his face, rubbing it, cursing at the top of his drunken voice

Feet pounded the stairs Into the doorway came the second man, Leon, not so far in liquor as his companion He glanced about, looked from Pauline to the first man, ran to him and caught hold of him

"What was that shot?"

"The woman'" roared the other. "She has a pistol she's blinded me, the she-devil' Get hold of her, let me get my hands on her'"

The man Leon started across the room, and then came to a plunging halt. He stood transfixed, his eyes distending

The diamond, lying forgotten on the table, was blazing up at him.

A choked word, then a wild startled oath came bursting from him He lunged at the diamond, seized it, held it to the light, started incredulously. From Pauline, all too conscious of her empty pistol, broke a sharp cry

'Leave it alone, do you hear' I'll have you shot, arrested, hanged -"

She flung herself forward at the man. He whirled as though to dart from the room, the diamond clasped in his hand Pauline fairly hurled herself at him in a chaotic fury, blocked his passage, beat at him frantically with the empty pistol It struck him across the forehead

Infuriated, he caught the pistol, wrenched it from her hand flung it down and then lashed out to hit her She evaded the blow, drew back toward the door, sapped aside from the blinded man who was groping and ravening to get his fingers on her Only now did she remember the dagger, and clutch it out

She might have run for it, but a passionate fury was upon her He still had the diamond in his fist, and she blocked his way again

Give it up! Put it back, you gallows-bird'" she raged. White as death she went at him with oaths and knife He backed away but she was upon him, slashing at him He tried to fight back, gripped her arm, attempted to clutch her Her blazing-eyed passion terrified him

The knife slashed down again A howling curse of agony ripped from him as the blade drove through his arm, razor-keen Blood spurted She slashed again, and the diamond fell from his hand, fell skittering to the floor and out of sight

A burst of voices, a wild trample of feet on the stairs and stark fear seized the two invaders They took flight, bursting out the thin wooden screen at the window, dropping out into the courtyard. Into the room flooded men sleek Arabs of the city watch two French officers with them They had been drawn by the shot, by the uproar They paused only to reassure Pauline then hastily scattered in search of the two looters.

She was alone again, the doors securely locked now

She caught up a lamp and searched the floor with swift avidity. A gleam caught her eye, the diamond was there, mottled with blood. She caught it up sank into a chair again, and sighed in weary relaxation and satisfaction All was well The fire-filled glitter of the stone mocked her passionate fears

Presently she went to bed and slept.

She wakened to morning to startled terror, then to reality. She reached beneath her pillow and drew out the diamond Real As she lay in languorous relaxation, she was fascinated afresh by it, she would be fascinated by it all her life Value? That did not enter into it at all She clutched the little stone suddenly against her bosom, against her lips, with a spasmodic quiver of her body.

'Mine! Part of me, to fight for and cherish always!"

A speck of dried blood she wiped it away, with a trill of laughter, hard laughter, caught brittle laughter, and stared into the heart of it Yes, it had wakened her, this stone It was like the man who had given it—adamantine Something in herself responded, hard and cold, cold as ice, but flaming as ice flames in sunlight That was Bonaparte That was herself as well Bonaparte, with the same quality of chill, flame, hardness, harder than all other men, harder than friends or enemies, breaking them all to dust, harder than fate itself or appointed destiny, cutting that, too, and reforming it to suit himself

She shivered and let all her thoughts collapse She remembered something he had said last evening "Battles are won by offense, never by defense." A dangerous generality, perhaps, but it expressed the man. It expressed the new thing that had risen within her. It was what this stone whispered to her, Offense' A vibrant rule to guide her life

She suddenly realized that she had learned something tremendous.

'He would be hard with me, too'" she thought. "He would do to me as he does to other men, to armies, to destiny, breaking them cruelly. But I can be hard, too! What if I were to take the offensive? Defense wins nothing, that's true It won"nothing for those two ruffians last night One wins only by offense, always offense! Hard and glorious as this diamond, why not'"

She dressed, and went about the day's business Her two servants had to be paid, she gave them the last of her money Money' She had none left Yet Egypt lay at her feet! All its glowing history was not spent of the ages to half the eastern world.

Junot came before noon, Junot, the general who was Bonaparte's closest friend and aide, his one intimate It was Junot A blunt vulgar person, fellow swaggering and hearty and rough of tongue He came quite after her Pauline had last battled a desperate opponings The two men on captured had confessed had been shot

Sprawled in a chair Junot eyed her curiously appraisingly

I have an invitation for you citoyenne, let it wait, he said citoyenne, that's a funny thing all these cries of fraternity and equality are going to be swept into the dust-heap one day Madame that sounds better Bonaparte likes formality. He likes the flavor of aristocracy He's from the dunghrap like you and me, and like us all he grips at aristocratic things. Play the game with him. Be La Generale' The men are talking about it, laughing about it, tickled to death about it La Generale' Is

(Continued on Page 15)

General Bonaparte Gazing Out Over Ancient Cairo, Citadel of the Egypt He Had Conquered in the Early Stages of His March to Empire.

General Andoche Junot, Napoleon's Strong Right Arm in His Egyptian Campaign, and the One Who Spilled the Sherbet on Pauline Foures' Dress at the Garden Party.

Eugene Beauharnais, Son of Josephine and Step-Son of Napoleon, Who Acted As Intermediary Between Bonaparte and Pauline, Whom "the Little Corporal" Eventually Failed to Marry, Despite His Promise.

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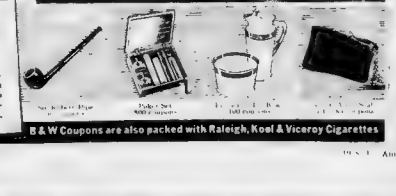

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Dr. Barker's Agony

by Basil Tozer

In Which Two Quotations From the Bible Confound a Ferocious Band of Chinese Kidnapers.

She Made No Gesture, Spoke No Word, Only Stared Dully at Her Father, Who Saw That She Was Drugged. "By this time tomorrow night the money will be here," the Chinese Leader Said, "or else . . ." He Illustrated With His Hands the Beginning of Torture.

PEIPING by night is one of the strangest cities. At least, the heart of Peiping and of the high-walled Tartar city. Picture to yourself a mass of tortuous streets shrouded in darkness with stray beams of uncertain light percolating at intervals through misty windows from flickering oil lamps in the centuries-old little houses; streets unpaved and with open drains on either side, scores of phantom figures flitting this way and that without a sound; stopping, perhaps, now and again, to peer furtively up into the face of a passer-by, who will be startled by that fleeting glance from glittering eyes deep-set in yellow faces stamped with hatred and inborn lust. That is Peiping; the heart of Peiping by night.

Dr Esme Barker knew no fear. Like the late Sir Robert Hart, he had lived in China for many years, and studied the Chinese and their queer customs and their language. Often he had been warned to avoid Peiping's back streets, particularly at night, but he had not heeded the warning. Now he was taking a short cut after dark through those streets to visit an English patient whom he believed to be dying.

He was well-to-do, as wealth is rated in China, and apart from his profession his life was wrapped up in his only child, a beautiful girl of seventeen whose mother had died in giving her birth. Once an attempt had been made by some Chinese thugs to kidnap his daughter, they no doubt hoped to extort from the doctor a heavy ransom. But Dr. Barker had taken the law into his own hands and shot the would-be kidnaper dead. He knew the Chinese well enough to be aware that the dead man's accomplices would sooner or later try to avenge his death; yet he carried on as usual, taking no precautions to protect himself. He was a fatalist, he said, and always had been and always would be.

He had walked less than half a mile when suddenly he stopped. An unusual sound had reached him, a cry. He stood listening. It came again, rather louder. He recognized the voice as that of a European, or an American, a woman's voice. He knew the timbre of Chinese voices too well to be mistaken.

It came from some way down a side street, a narrow evil-smelling slum. He turned and began to make his way stealthily through the darkness in the direction whence the cry had come, when all at once he felt himself seized by many hands. Unable to distinguish even the outline of his assailants, he offered no resistance. To have struggled would, he knew, have resulted only in his being hit on the head and stunned. A gag was pushed into his mouth, his bag wrenched from his grasp—he was lifted—carried along.

He found himself in a native house where half a dozen cut-throat-looking Chinese were binding him with cords while they jabbered in undertones, disputing and arguing in the uncertain light of the flickering lamp.

Suddenly he heard the cry again—close at hand.

His captors were at once silent. Then one of them addressed him in Chinese. Unless a sum of money which he named was paid at once to his captors the girl whose cry he had heard would be tortured—the awful method of the torture was described to him in detail. The spokesman paused, then added: "And the girl, Dr. Barker, is your daughter. After her death you, too, will be treated in a like manner unless . . ."

Dr. Barker knew fear for the first time in his life. Not fear for himself but for his child. How she came to be there, how these monsters had got hold of her, he did not stop to think. He had but one thought—escape—rescue. For the sum demanded was considerably in excess of his credit in the Peiping bank at the moment.

His mind worked rapidly.

"May I see my daughter?" he said at last.

The jabbering and the arguments of his captors began again. Some were in favor. Some were not. Finally they agreed to bring her to him, provided he promised to pay the full amount of the ransom by the following night. Without an instant's hesitation he promised.

On being brought into the room she made no gesture, spoke no word, only stared dully at her father. At once he saw that she was drugged.

"By this time tomorrow night the money will be here," the former spokesman said, addressing Dr. Barker, "or else . . ."

He made a horrible grimace and illustrated with his hands the beginning of the torture.

"By this time tomorrow night the money will be here," the doctor replied. "Tell me how it is to be delivered to you."

That, they explained in a few sentences. Then, after searching him for any instrument or other object with which he might do injury, they locked him in another room with his daughter, having first unbound him.

Towards early morning the effect of the drug wore off and she told him how she had been decoyed away from home by a native who said he came with a message from her father. Only recently the man had been a servant in her father's household; he had left of his own accord and been given an excellent character. So, as she had no reason to mistrust him, she had gone with him. What had occurred after that she could not remember. She remembered feeling suddenly faint, and had then, she supposed, become unconscious.

Dr. Barker remained silent. He had not told his daughter of the awful threat—the fate which awaited them both. For to procure the ransom within twenty-four hours he knew to be impossible. Once more he concentrated upon some way of escape. The cunning Chinese had guessed that if the worst threatened, he would, at the last moment, assuredly slay his daughter with his own hand rather than let them torture her, and afterwards would probably kill himself. They had, therefore, not even left a pocket-knife upon him.

Daylight found father and daughter still sitting there. Neither had slept. Nor had Dr. Barker been able to evolve any means of escape. The room had no window, only a small barred aperture. Its door was securely fastened, its walls were solid wood, and in the room adjoining his captors snored.

Within a few hours one of the bandits was to collect the ransom. But from whom? Barker had no idea. He had promised to pay only in order to propitiate his captors and get more time to think. On receiving the money they would, they had assured him, conduct him and his daughter, unharmed and blindfolded, after dark, to a place of safety and there release them, and he knew the Chinese mentality well enough to believe them.

Presently his hand touched something in his pocket; he drew it out—a pocket Bible.

Then he remembered that the patient whom he had been on his way to visit the night before had asked him to bring a Bible with him. He had sent word that, as he was dying, he would like to read some passages in the Holy Book.

Some hours later the doctor heard noises and movement in the house. The bandits were awake, and, he guessed, preparing food. With an effort he kept himself under control, lest he should break down completely.

* * *

The manager of the bank in Peiping where most of the European residents keep their accounts was finishing his midday meal in the annex of the bank, where he lived, when his chief assistant entered.

"May I speak to you, sir?" he inquired in a tone of suppressed excitement. "The matter is rather important—and pressing."

"Come in and sit down, but first of all shut the door," the manager replied genially. "Have a glass of wine," and he pushed the decanter towards him. He had lunched well, also there is more camaraderie amongst European residents in China than there is at home; social distinctions are less pronounced. "And now," he continued, "what is this very pressing matter?"

The assistant handed him two half sheets of writing paper.

"A native messenger brought these, sir, from Dr. Esme Barker," he said. "You will see that Dr. Barker requests that we should cash the check for 15,000 gold dollars and hand the cash to bearer. And you will see that the check, though stamped and in order, is drawn on a half sheet of ordinary stationery. Dr. Barker has never before drawn a check in this way, nor so large a one, and, most important of all, his credit is below the amount of the check."

The manager adjusted his glasses, then scrutinized the note and the check closely.

"Certainly this is his writing and his signature," he said, at last, thoughtfully. "But what do these words and numerals after the signature to the note mean? Did you notice them?"

"I did, sir, but they convey nothing to me."

For some moments the manager was silent, his gaze still fixed on the slips of paper. Suddenly he looked up.

"Ring up Dr. Barker," he said sharply. When the assistant had left the room the manager went quickly over to a small desk. He unlocked and opened a drawer in it, fumbled amongst its contents, and presently drew out of it a Bible.

The assistant returned soon afterwards. Dr. Barker, it seemed, had not been home since early on the previous afternoon, but later in the day had sent word that he wanted Miss Barker to come to him at once.

"Show the messenger who is waiting for the money into my private room," the manager said, speaking rapidly. "Tell him the money will be brought to him. I am going to ring up the Legation and state the facts, and ask that the man be closely shadowed when he leaves here. Meanwhile, count out 15,000 gold dollars in front of him, then put them in a bag, and seal the bag and give it to him; take your time about it. Oh, no, there will be no risk of our losing the money once the police are on his track."

* * *

The Peiping police stand no nonsense from bandits. During the raid on the house four of the six thugs were shot dead and the remaining two arrested.

"Thank God you guessed what I meant, guessed that I needed help," Dr. Barker exclaimed with emotion as he gripped the manager's hand when it was all over. "If only you knew how I prayed that you might—and I had not prayed for years. When I opened the Bible I had found in my pocket the first line my eyes rested upon was in the second verse, fifty-ninth Psalm—'. . . save me from bloody men . . .' At once the idea occurred to me, and I quickly turned over page after page, and suddenly I read '. . . come up to us quickly and save us . . .' in the sixth verse of the tenth chapter of Joshua . . . So I quoted [Psalm 2, 59, and Josh. 6, 10.'"

The manager smiled. Then all at once he was serious.

"You should thank God, not me," he said. "And perhaps now you will heed our warning to you to avoid those parts of Peiping, even in the daytime."

Everybody Has Relatives in America

ONE OF the oldest German settlements in the world outside of Germany, the district of Kochevye in northeastern Yugoslavia, has the distinction that each one of its 20,000 inhabitants has some relatives in the United States.

This settlement was founded about the years 1330 and 1350 by the German Counts of Ortenburg as the result of religious persecutions. The original settlers, all Roman Catholics, came from Bavaria and found refuge under the Catholic Austrian Empire. On their way south they brought along a generous mixture of Tyrolean and Carynthian Germans. Why this particular section was chosen for them no one knows. For it lies in a limestone region which has almost no fertile land to offer.

Counts and princes ruled the little land within the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. Pressed close to the chief town, Kochevye, stands a heavily wooded hill, the Friedrichstein, atop of which the ruins of an old castle vaguely reflect the glory of bygone days. In the fifteenth century Count Friedrich Cilly, whose father was lord of the land, erected it for his chivalrous Croatian sweetheart, Veronika Desinich. When the old count learned of his son's secret marriage he had Veronika drowned and the castle destroyed. The young Count of Cilly was the last of his clan to rule over Gottschee. The last ruler was Prince Auersperg, who was forced to retire at the end of the World War and died in 1927.

Today the settlement is a linguistic island surrounded by a solid population of Slovenes and Croats.

The name Kochevye is a Slovenian version of the original Gottschee which is used by the natives. The natives are proud of their German ancestry and have preserved many quaint medieval German customs. They speak a peculiar language which has German roots, but which can be understood by Germans only with great difficulty.

As a matter of fact, because of their queer language the Kochevye people until recently were considered as foreigners by the other Germans. Because they use the sound "zh," strange to the German tongue, their dialect has a definitely Slavic inflection.

The district comprises a score of villages grouped around the chief city of Kochevye, a town of some 4,000 people. More than twice the number of people who live in this district, or about 50,000, are away from home and are earning their livelihood all over the world, mostly in the United States. Hence all the people who remained home have some relatives abroad and often depend on support from their emigrant kinfolk.

Their migratory habits date back several centuries. It is said that the Turkish invasions of the little land during the Middle Ages impoverished the already poor settlement so desperately that the Austrian Emperor Friedrich III in 1492 granted the Kochevye people the exclusive right to peddle within his large Empire.

Thus this pursuit became one of their traditional trades which is to a certain extent preserved until this day. They became known throughout Central Europe as the "Kotcheber" which was soon adopted as a synonym for peddlers of souvenirs, novelties, candies and fruits, who wander from town to town and do not sell their wares outright but by means of a game of lucky numbers. Some still follow the trade, chiefly in Germany, while the other wanderers have emigrated permanently.

Those living in the United States, many in Cleveland and Brooklyn, are generally an industrious people who are rarely out of work or on relief rolls. They work in all trades, but most of them work as carpenters or own small knitting mills, grocery or butcher shops.

The thriftiness of these immigrants is remarkable. According to official Yugoslav estimates the estates of deceased Kochevye people in the United States have an average value of $10,000. This average is considered very high.

How to "Can" Flowers

BOTANISTS at the Iowa State College have recently outlined a method whereby anyone can take flowers from his garden, put them away for as long as one month and then place them on the dining room table as fresh as they were the day they were picked.

According to these scientists there is less trouble in "canning" flowers than there is in canning green peas. The basic point to be remembered is the fact that the freshness of flowers depends upon their maturity and physical condition.

Using carnations as an example the Iowa botanists have outlined the canning procedure as follows:

Water the flowers heavily the night before a sunny day is expected according to weather reports. On the afternoon of that sunny day cut the flowers fairly short-stemmed. Use only young flowers on the verge of opening or just barely opened.

Seal the cut flowers in a common fruit jar or any other air-tight container and place them in a refrigerator where the temperature is between 33 and 35 degrees Fahrenheit.

A month later these carnations can be taken from the refrigerator and placed in vases filled with water. They will last as long as fresh-cut flowers.

Treated by the same process Regal and Madonna lilies will keep canned only a few days, but Tiger lilies will look like new after three weeks. Snapdragons, gladiolus and sweet peas are not the best keeping flowers, but are usually presentable after three weeks or a month. The same is true of French Marigolds. Rosebuds, larkspur and gardenias can be kept for a longer period than a month.

Unhappy Adventures of a Stage Star

(Continued from Double Page)

cal way this manager spoke angered me. I replied that we were serious-minded, that we wanted to dance for a living, and that we had no intention of interfering with the professional beauties patrolling the foyer between acts.

Grinning like an ape, he told me to be sensible, to sign his contract, but I lost control of my temper, stepped up to his desk, and gave him a resounding slap in the face. Then, grabbing Peggy by the arm I led her out of his office.

Shortly afterwards, the Theatre Michel opened with a piece entitled, "Afgar," and I landed a position there at 100 francs as a Hindoo dancer. I stained my skin with ochre, bedecked myself with bangles, and, posing as a Nautch girl, went through the motions sacred to Siva, Krishna and Kali. To lend color to the imposture, the manager forbade me to talk to reporters, and when they came to interview me, I answered their questions with vague gestures.

In order to make all this seem more convincing, my close friend, Jane Renouardt, the famous stage beauty, pretended that she had "discovered" me dancing in a Hindu temple and acted as "interpreter," while I was being interviewed.

Moreover, the journalists were completely fooled by the manager's impudent and unflattering remarks, not for publication, which he uttered in my presence, and which they were sure he would never dare say before a woman who could understand. The public was delightfully taken in and flocked to see me, believing me to be a bayadere escaped from an Indian temple.

The star of "Afgar" was Mlle. Judith Meyer, better known to the theatrical world as Jane Marnac. M. Robert Trebor, manager of the Theatre Michel, worshiped his star, who has been described as "half manikin, half siren," yet when friends asked him to analyze her beauty, he replied: "One who undertakes the task of explaining Jane's loveliness is doomed to the disappointment of the boy who cut the drum to find out where the noise came from."

M. Trebor did his best to gratify the actress' whims, yet Jane, who apparently believed ingratitude is the independence of the heart, left him in the lurch, running off to play with M. Max Maurey, director of the Varietes. Trebor was furious and talked of fighting a duel with Maurey. Happily, he gave up the idea of filling Max with lead thanks to the counsel of Rip, the writer—revenging himself instead by carrying off Maurey's leading lady, Mlle. Andree Spinelly, and featuring her at his playhouse.

It is not difficult for a woman of Mlle. Marnac's attraction to gain her ends. Before marrying Major Keith Trevor, rich English race-horse owner, she became enamored of a handsome youth who was paying court to Mlle. Odette Florelle, blonde vedette of the music hall and screen. Jane succeeded in stealing Florelle's lover, but Odette, enraged at such an affront, denounced the "thief" before 4,000 spectators at the Casino de Paris, and asked the audience to pronounce judgment on the "love-bandit, Mlle. Marnac." This sentimental confession endeared Florelle to the crowd, and Jane, while she won her man, lost the public favor for a time.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

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Frosty Drinks for a Thirsty Fourth

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WHATEVER your plans for this patriotic week-end, you will surely wish to be able to mix plenty of refreshing drinks for your guests so that you and they may laugh at the thermometer. Nothing will be so welcome to the ear as the tinkle of ice in tall glasses, nothing makes more for contentment than to slowly sip some delicious taste sensation made in cooling beverage form.

You may be planning a stay-at-home Fourth, in which case a cool refreshing cocktail will be just the right prelude to any luncheon or dinner. Indeed, any simple meal often seems smarter, and a little more formal, too, merely by starting it off with a chill fruit or vegetable cocktail. The cocktail should be well seasoned, sharp, and never give the impression of being diluted. Blend the ingredients, mix thoroughly, and pour over shaved ice, serving at once.

The more acid juices, notably tomato juice, sauerkraut, lime, lemon and grapefruit, are best suited to this prelude-to-dining drink. Some juices are best taken plain, others can stand a little spicing, but even this type of drink is improved by having something extra. It cannot be tepid; it cannot be too sweet. Here are some simple but excellent choices, if rightly made and served:

Patriotic Tomato Cocktail: 2 cups tomato juice, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons minced chives or onion juice, 1 teaspoon minced parsley, 1 tablespoon sugar, grains salt, grains white pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon lemon juice; thin quarters of lemon, pickled onions, sour-sweet gherkins. Heat tomato juice with minced chives and parsley, and boil 5 minutes. Strain, add remaining ingredients, and chill. Pour over shaved ice. Garnish rim of glass with 1 lemon slice each, skewered on toothpick with 1 onion and 1 gherkin. Pass with crackers or small open sandwiches.

Pineapple Lime Cocktail: 1 cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups canned pineapple juice, juice 3 large limes, 1 cup cracked ice or ice-cubes made of weak tea infusion, mint sprays. Boil water and sugar together 10 minutes. Cool, add fruit juices, blend well, and chill. Turn over ice or cubes and garnish each glass with spray of mint. Makes 6 glasses.

Snowball Cocktail: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned pear juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white grapejuice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup carbonated water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups finely-crushed ice. Combine fruit juices and add carbonated water. Pour over crushed ice divided in 6 glasses. Stir and serve immediately. Canned grapefruit juice is delicious as substitute for white grapejuice.

Spiced Cranberry Cocktail: 3 cups canned cranberry juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 4-inch stick cinnamon, 6 whole cloves. Boil cranberry juice, sugar and spices together 10 minutes. Strain, add 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Chill, pour over crushed ice. Serves 6.

As a beverage accompaniment to this same luncheon or dinner, two prime drinks are iced tea and iced coffee. When made properly (and there is a world of meaning in this phrase), few other beverages are so adaptable, so suitable to any and all food combinations. Be sure that the tea infusion used is made from a special iced tea blend, which will not get brown or bitter on brewing; be sure that both drinks are made freshly and with great care, and, above all, that neither is diluted and weakened from too much ice or melting water. Prepare, in advance, coffee or tea cubes from the brew itself, so that the melting ice will contain coffee or tea and not merely cold water.

If the menu is light and "sketchy," as the housewife calls it, then the drink may take a richer form, as in iceberg coffee or even iceberg chocolate, the recipe for which follows:

Iceberg Chocolate: 4 teaspoons sugar, 2 cups strong coffee infusion, 2 squares grated bitter chocolate, 1 cup boiling water, 4 tablespoons sugar, 5 cups hot milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla; whipped cream. Add 4 teaspoons sugar to coffee, blend, and freeze as for coffee cubes. In a saucepan, put water, sugar, vanilla and grated chocolate, and cook without stirring until mixture comes to boil. Remove from heat, add hot milk, and stir well to blend. Chill. To serve, add 2 coffee cubes to each glass, pour in mixture, and top with stiffly-whipped cream. Makes 6 iceberges.

For the between-meals occasions, and as accompaniment to light refreshments generally, the chilled refreshing fruit-ade or fruit punch is the best choice. Here is where the hostess may use her imagination and skill, and create delicious beverages with which to satisfy and charm her guests. For these uses, she may call on the aid of canned fruits, canned fruit juices, bottled syrups or bottled carbonated beverages.

In the warm afternoon after the holiday parade or games, or in the evening returning from beach, picnic, or watching the fireworks, the frosty pitcher and its gay glasses play a leading role. This is when the sound of tinkling cubes and the sight of a chilled pitcher is sufficient to revive the most dispirited or exhausted of the holiday-makers. Attractive colored glassware and beverage sets also lend their aid to making the punch pitcher or bowl the center attraction of the table.

The wise and provident manager will be smart enough to get all the basic "makings" of these drinks ready long ahead. Lemon-squeezing, orange-slicing, can-opening, should never be left to the last moment. A can of sugar syrup such as lemon syrup, chocolate syrup or other flavors, may have been prepared and left in the refrigerator several days previous to use.

A dozen or more lemons can be squeezed out in one operation, by using any of the electric juice-extractors. Fruits and juices may be removed from their cans into china bowls, or, if fresh, may be cleaned, etc., and put on ice, thus leaving the last-minute fixing a simple process for host of hostess.

Iced tea is an excellent, economical and flavorful base for many punches or drinks required in quantity. So, too, is rhubarb, for cooked rhubarb juice provides good tangy flavor and plenty of color. If the unfinished drink seems pale or unpleasantly dull, by all means use a few drops of red, green or yellow color to give it a good tone.

Here are some tested recipes:

India Punch: 1 cup strong tea infusion, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice, 1 pint ginger ale, 1 pint charged water, thin orange slices, mint sprays. Make the tea infusion by steeping 2 teaspoons tea in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water. Pour over sugar to dissolve. Chill. Add fruit juices and mint. To serve, add ginger ale and charged water, mix to blend well, and pour over cracked ice. Garnish glasses with orange slices and mint sprays. Makes about 10 glasses.

Rhubarb Punch: 1 quart sweetened rhubarb juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice, 1 pint dry ginger ale. Combine all ingredients, blend well, chill and use punch-bowl with blocks of colored ice-cubes. Serves 12.

Fourth of July Pink Lemonade: $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups red jelly (red currant, cranberry or raspberry), 1 cup sugar, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups lemon juice, 2 cups water. Combine all ingredients and beat well with rotary beater. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts chilled charged water, and pour over shaved ice or red-colored ice-cubes. Garnish with red Maraschino cherries. Makes 12 glasses.

If the holiday party takes the form of an outdoor fiesta, nothing is more novel or attractive than the watermelon punch and punch-bowl, using the entire melon rind. Many hostesses will like to try it, and the small trouble of scooping out the pulp which, by the way, can be used as a dessert or made into melon balls for fruit cocktails or salads, will be well repaid.

Watermelon Punch Lemonade: 2 cups lemon juice, 2 cups watermelon juice, drained from the pulp, 1 pound sugar, ice-water, 2 thinly-sliced lemons. Use a ripe melon of a good flat shape and cut a section from the entire top. Scoop out the pulp with a spoon and jigsaw the edges with a sharp knife. Chill in refrigerator. Combine lemon and watermelon juices, sugar and enough ice-water to make 1 gallon lemonade. Pour into shell just before serving, and float lemon slices on top. May be garnished with small balls scooped out of melon pulp, or red and green colored ice-cubes. Makes about 32 small punch servings, or 16 usual glasses.

And here are some other unusually delicious and appropriate beverage recipes:

Minted Orange Ale: 2 cups orange juice, 4 finely-minced mint leaves, 1 pint pale dry ginger ale, cracked ice, mint sprays. To orange juice, add minced mint, and steep $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Add ginger ale, blend well, pour over cracked ice, and garnish with mint spray. Makes 4 glasses.

Raspberry Shrub: 1 cup sugar, 5 cups water, grated rind 2 lemons, juice 4 lemons, 1 cup raspberry syrup, 1 cup dry ginger ale. Combine sugar, water and lemon rind, and boil together 5 minutes. Cool. Add remaining ingredients. Serve over crushed ice. Garnish glasses with spray of ripe berries and leaves, if possible. Makes 6 glasses.

Maple Cream Ginger Ale: To each glass, allow 1 tablespoon maple syrup, 1 tablespoon heavy cream, and mix thoroughly with fork. Fill up with chilled ginger ale. Mix until frothy, and serve at once, with some cracked ice if desired.

Black Cow: For each glass, use $\frac{1}{2}$ glass sarsaparilla and 2 tablespoons heavy cream. Beat well. Add 1 scoop vanilla ice cream, beat or shake again, and serve at once.

REFRIGERATOR SYRUPS—

Lemon Syrup: 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup strained lemon juice. Boil sugar and water together 5 minutes. Cool. Add lemon juice, and let stand overnight in refrigerator. Use for flavoring drinks.

Lemon Mint Syrup: To hot lemon syrup, add 6 tablespoons finely-minced fresh mint leaves and let stand as above. Color green with few drops green vegetable coloring.

Pineapple Mint Syrup: To hot lemon syrup, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned crushed pineapple and let stand as above.

Fire-Cracker Tidbits: Use any preferred sandwich spread, as deviled ham, tongue or chicken, and work the paste smooth. Shape into tiny rolls. Wrap each roll in thin bit of red pimiento, insert celery heart as "fuse" at one end, and skewer on toothpick. Pass with "firecracker" sandwiches or salad.

Auto Accident Penalties Avoided

IT is probably due to the love they have for their own cars that makes judges so lenient to people responsible for accidents. In a report to Congress on a study of fatal highway accidents, the Bureau of Public Roads notes that of 905 drivers involved, only 5 served time in jail and only 95 paid fines. More than 86 per cent were not penalized by the courts in any way.

Records of four States accounted for 614 of these cases. Motor-vehicle departments in these States reported their action following accidents which were fatal. Only 11.5 per cent of the drivers escaped the forfeiture, for at least a short period of their rights to drive and the driving privileges of one-third were either suspended for 6 months or more, or revoked entirely.

Although the report says that analysis of the case-histories "creates a very definite impression that the penalties imposed by the courts are seldom in reasonable proportion to the offenses," it definitely does not find fault with the courts. "Rather," says the report, "the failure to inflict proper punishment is due to the difficulty of obtaining evidence, admissible to court under the rules of evidence, sufficient to convict and also, perhaps, to the lack of a criminal code designed to fit present-day motor-vehicle accident cases."

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3876. FROM THIS ONE GAY PATTERN YOU CAN EASILY MAKE A HOUSE DRESS, BEACH COAT, STREET DRESS OR SUMMER EVENING GOWN. Designed for misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 5 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3848. JAUNTY "AIR-COOL" TOPPERS IN JIFFY CROCHET. THEY ARE DONE IN FOUR STRANDS OF STRING. YOU CAN MATCH ALL YOUR FROCKS. Pattern 3848 contains directions for making the two caps shown; illustrations of them and of stitches used; material requirements.

Pattern 3862. WOMEN WHO KNOW HOW TO PICK SLIMMING STYLES WILL MAKE THIS LOVELY CAPE DRESS WITH FIGURE-FLATTERING PANELS. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3801. THERE IS THE MAGIC OF YOUTH IN THE NEW YOKE OF THIS SUMMER APRON, THAT YOU MAY TRIM VARIOUS WAYS. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch fabric for each apron.

Pattern 3659. IF YOU HAVE CAPE FROCKS LIKE THIS FOR HOTTEST WEATHER, YOU'LL FEEL MUCH COOLER AND SMARTER. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch fabric.

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Improvements for the Bathroom

SMALL replacements do a great deal to help modernize any bathroom at little cost, writes Mrs. Christine Frederick. When the toilet seat offends the eye although the unit works satisfactorily, just attach a new pearl-surfaced seat in whatever color suits the other furnishings. And the bath hamper has seen constant evolution. Instead of the tall wicker contraption hidden in a bathroom corner, the new hampers are tightly woven, shallow and low enough for the lid to be used as a comfortable seat, especially useful for the children to use when putting shoes on, etc.

Another hygienic item is the step-on disposal can, made in a small size and styled in smart colors. Made of metal, heavily enameled, such a disposal can can "take it" and does. This is particularly recommended for the home with young people, where it is needed in the bathroom as much as the larger model is needed in the kitchen. These also come in oval models, as well as the standard round shape.

The modern bathroom would not be American if it were not equipped with the latest in bathroom scales, for "Watch your weight" is the slogan of women who want to become or stay slim—to say nothing of the men!—and it is also well to watch the children's weight in the way. Many of these new scales are both unfailingly accurate and good-looking. One of the latest is streamlined for comfortable use and good visibility, and has a tricky feature of automatically lighting up under the dial as you place your weight on it. Thus, there's no guessing or cheating with this scale, for the recorded weight is lighted up instantly as the feet are placed on the little platform. Such scales are a decorative and useful accessory to any bathroom especially when chosen in the color to blend with the other fixtures.

When we mention bath "bath mat" immediately pops into mind. Life insurance statistics disclose that a large percentage of accidents occur in the bathroom when persons accidentally slip in the tub or skid on the wet floor after getting out of it. A special safety bath mat is a simple invention, but one worth buying. Owing to an arrangement of vacuum or suction cups on one side, the mat clings to the floor and will not skid when in contact with water.

Other useful novelties which make for greater bathroom comfort are the little rail-rack which fits down over the top of the toilet tank, converting this area into a useful little shelf, from which toilet accessories and bottles will not slide. This little metal rail is light and easy to attach, and at the same time provides that extra shelf-space often so badly needed.

Then, a bath-tub scrubber on a long handle of wood is made of porous rubber like the familiar rubber sponge, and is so easy to use that there is no excuse for anyone in the family neglecting the task of cleaning out the tub in readiness for the next bather. A similar long curved wooden-handled brush is excellent for the important task of cleansing the toilet bowl itself.

Abundant and adequately placed lighting is a bathroom prerequisite in these days of meticulous care of hair and skin. There should, of course, be a good overhead fixture for general room lighting. This may be supplemented by side-lights near the bathroom mirror. But in addition, a good make-up mirror deserves a place in the bathroom and has its own special light particularly designed for the careful scrutiny necessary for shaving and make-up. These special lighted make-up mirrors also are made in suitable colors for various decorative schemes, and the special light they provide assures better grooming.

Balmy breezes whisper "Beautify the bathroom," so follow the new ensemble idea already accepted in other lines, as making for greater harmony and convenience.

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Variety is the Spice of Life

By Mary Lee Swann, *The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.*

Salt Pork Pilau.

COOK 2 or 3 finely-chopped slices of salt pork in saucepan until delicately browned. Add 3 cup carefully-washed and drained rice and 1 minced onion and stir until rice is delicately browned. Add 3 cups hot water or chicken broth, 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper, and cover and cook until rice is tender. Add 1 pint thick strained tomato pulp, additional salt and pepper, if needed, and turn into baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, until tomato is absorbed and rice is dry.

Sour Cream Salad Dressing.

MIX ½ cup plain or whipped sour cream with 2 or 3 tablespoons mild vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, a few grains salt and pepper to taste. If cream is very sour, omit the vinegar. More or less sugar may be used. Serve with fruit salads or with shredded cabbage, lettuce, romaine or cucumbers.

THE planning and serving of three meals a day, "from soup to nuts," week-in-and-week-out, year-in-and-year-out, is not easy, but what a gay adventure it can be! It's intriguing, the search for something delicious that is within the budget, a main dish that pleases all the family, a salad that intrigues the guest who happens in, a sauce that disguises the economical left-overs, an appetizer that adds distinction to an otherwise plain meal, a dessert that brings "Yum-yums" from family and guests.

Meats, cereals, vegetables, breads, salads and desserts must be used daily, but the same old recipes need not be used. As you go forth on your annual vacation, collect new ideas and new recipes. Don't trust to your memory when you run across anything that is delicious or new. Keep an inconspicuous notebook or card-index with you, and make notes of anything worthwhile.

A fine housekeeper said to me, "Why have you never told me how good French toast is with honey?" Another equally good cook said she was "just begining to learn how good sour cream is." I have been including such things in my recipes and articles for many years, but not until she came across them in a wayside tearoom did she realize how much she has been missing. Add a little variety to your fine old tested and tried menus, and you will be pleased with the appreciation you will receive from family and friends.

Risotto with Calves' Brains.

COOK 1 minced onion in 2 tablespoons butter until delicately browned. Add ½ pound minced ham or sausage and cook 5 minutes. Add 2 cups carefully-washed and drained rice and 1 cup strained thick tomato pulp. Cook about 5 minutes. Add 1 quart chicken or veal stock, bring to boiling point and boil about 20 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons Parmesan cheese and mix with fork. Have ready cooked veal cutlets and calves' brains. Garnish them with parsley. Serve with water gravy from meat pan and the hot rice mixture.

Sour Cream Veal Fricassee.

CUT 3 pounds veal steak into pieces for serving. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Brown in 4 tablespoons hot fat. Mix 1½ cups thick sour cream, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon celery salt and a little paprika and pour over the meat. Cover and simmer gently about 1 hour or until tender. Remove cover and simmer until gravy is thick.

Appetizing Menus for the Week *by Mary Lee Swann*

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***
Prunes.	Sliced Oranges.	Grapefruit Juice.	Cantaloup.	Bananas	Fresh Pineapple.	Red Raspberries.
Whole Grain Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	With Orange Juice.	Cereal.	Cereal.
French Toast.	Poached Eggs.	Scrambled Eggs.	Frizzled	Cereal.	French Toast.	Soft Cooked Eggs.
Honey.	Melba Toast.	Toasted Cheese	Dried Beef.	Broiled Tomatoes.	Fruit	Melba Toast.
Milk or Coffee.	Coffee.	Bread.	Corn-Meal	Minced Bacon.	Marmalade.	Coffee.
Dinner	***Luncheon***	Coffee.	Griddle	Toast.	Milk or Coffee	***Dinner***
Sour Cream	Stuffed Cabbage	***Luncheon***	Cakes.	Coffee.	Substitute.	***(Company)***
Veal Fricassee	(Armenian Style).	Blackberry Juice.	Coffee.	***Luncheon***	***Luncheon***	Vegetable Juice
(Yankee Doodle	French-Fried	Baked Beans	***Luncheon***	Grilled Salmon.	House-Made	Cocktail.
Style).	Onions.	with Chili Sauce.	Vegetable Soup.	Creamed Potatoes	Succotash.	Fried Chicken.
Lemon Potatoes.	Lemon Muffins.	Shredded Cabbage	Bread Sticks.	with Cress.	Golden	Creamed Corn.
Green Beans.	Cantaloup.	Salad.	Cherry Tarts.	Corn-Meal Cruss.	Corn-Bread.	Steamed Rice.
Assorted Salad	Iced Tea.	Eden Cheese.	***Dinner***	Assorted Fruits	Tomato	Dandelion
Platter.	***Dinner***	Crisp Crackers.	Rolled Flank	with Black Cherry	Cole Slaw.	Greens.
Fruit Sherbet.	Broiled Beef Cakes	Iced Coffee	Steak	Garnish.	Dewberry Pie.	Delicious
American	with Delicious	Substitute.	with Savory	Iced Coffee.	***Dinner***	Pear Salad.
Flag Cup	Sauce.	***Dinner***	Stuffing.	***Dinner***	Braised Liver or	Mayonnaise
Cakes.	Creamed Green Peas	Barbecued Ham.	Green Asparagus.	Seashore Dinner	Risotto	Dressing.
Supper	on Toast.	Favorite	Glazed Carrots.	(Fresh, if possible;	with Calves'	Vanilla Ice Cream
Deviled Eggs.	Macedoine	Potato Salad.	Emergence Salad	otherwise, canned	Brains.	with Chocolate Sauce.
Fruit Salad with	Green Salad.	Salad Dressing.	(Left-Overs).	and served picnic	Steamed Potatoes.	***Supper***
Blueberry Garnish.	Celery Seed	Blueberry or	Warm	style).	Tomato and	Vegetable Salad
Sour Cream	Dressing.	Dewberry Muffins.	Chocolate	Tossed Green Salad.	Cucumber Salad.	with Stuffed
Dressing.	Fruit Ice Cream	Jellied Fruit Compote	Gingerbread	Lemon Dressing.	Salad Dressing.	Egg Garnish.
Hot Honey Buns.	Garnished with	with Cream.	with	Cantaloup	Peach	Hot Cheese Rolls.
Iced Cocoa.	Frosted Currants.	Cookies.	Frozen Cream.	with Lime Sherbet.	Turnovers.	Lemonade.

Fruit with Honey.

POUR honey to taste over any desired fruit and let stand a little while to "ripen." Serve warm or cold.

Savory Potato Salad.

MIX 1 quart chilled diced potatoes, 1 tablespoon onion juice, 3 or 4 hard-cooked eggs, 1 cup minced celery, 1 diced cucumber, 1 cup grated raw carrot, ⅓ tablespoon salt, a few grains pepper, 1 teaspoon celery seed and 4 tablespoons well-seasoned French dressing. Chill in refrigerator several hours. Just before serving, add cooked dressing or mayonnaise to taste. Serve on bed of crisp lettuce.

Sugar Syrup.

BOIL 1 quart water with 3 pounds sugar for 5 minutes. Seal in hot sterilized jars. Keep on hand for sweetening hot or cold fruit drinks. Allow about 1 tablespoon to a serving in sweetening fresh fruit drinks.

Dutch Cheese.

HAVE ready 4 quarts thick sour milk. Pour 3 quarts boiling water into the milk and let it stand 3 minutes. Turn into a large bag and let it drain overnight. In the morning, measure the curd and to each pint of curd add 2 tablespoons melted (but not browned) butter, 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and a little cream. Beat until smooth and soft. Use as needed.

Cooked Salad Dressing (By Request).

BLEND 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon mustard, ¼ teaspoon paprika and 2 tablespoons flour. Add 4 egg yolks and beat well. Add ½ cup vinegar and ½ cup water and stir constantly until creamy and thick. Add ½ cup butter, beat well and chill. If desired, add 1 cup of sweet or sour cream, plain or whipped, just before serving.

Orange Pecan Pie (By Request).

SCALD 1 cup milk in top of double boiler. Blend 1 cup sugar with ⅓ cup flour and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Stir into the milk. Stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Cover and cook over hot water 15 minutes. Add this hot mixture slowly to 3 well-beaten egg yolks and return to double boiler. Stir over hot water until egg is cooked. Add ⅔ cup orange juice, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon butter and cook over hot water 5 minutes. Add ½ cup pecan meats and remove from heat. Cool and pour into a baked pie shell. Cover with meringue, place a few pecan halves on top of meringue for decoration and bake in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees, until meringue is delicately browned. To make the meringue: Beat 3 egg whites until frothy. Add 6 tablespoons sugar and a pinch of salt slowly, beating until stiff.

Celery Seed Dressing (By Request).

MIX 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, ½ teaspoon mustard, ⅛ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon onion juice and 1 cup salad oil. Beat vigorously 15 or 20 minutes. Add ½ cup vinegar slowly, while beating constantly. Add 1 tablespoon celery seed.

Quick Baking-Powder Rolls.

MIX and sift 2½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons sugar and 3½ teaspoons baking-powder. Work in 6 tablespoons butter or shortening with tips of fingers or two forks. Moisten with 1 egg beaten light in a measuring cup, the cup being then filled with milk or thin cream. Toss out on a lightly-floured board roll about ¼-inch thick cut in rounds, brush with melted butter and crease each round with the back of a knife. Fold over as for Parker House rolls and bake in a hot oven, or at about 375 degrees.

Everlasting Mayonnaise.

PUT into a mixing bowl 2 egg yolks, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, a few grains pepper, ½ teaspoon mustard, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 cup salad oil. Do not stir. Melt 1 tablespoon butter, add ½ cup flour and blend well. Add 1 cup water and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Pour onto the other mixture while hot and beat constantly with a rotary egg-beater. Continue beating until smooth and creamy. This dressing keeps well. If desired, add plain or whipped cream just before serving.

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"Portals of Illusion" No. 6—The Diamond of Desire

By H. Bedford-Jones

(Continued from Page 12)

you know that half the army would go to Hell for you this minute? It's a fact."

"Do you realize that you're being insulting?" she rejoined coldly.

"Bah! Be yourself, girl," and Junot guffawed heartily. "I'm giving you friendly advice. Never mind pretense! Don't give me any soft soap about virtue and so forth; there's no such thing. The world's upside-down and we're out to get what we can from the wreckage. Here's your invitation."

He tossed a folded paper at her. It was a brief, formal note, not in Bonaparte's handwriting but signed by him. An invitation, yes. There was to be luncheon for all the "ladies of the army" that afternoon at headquarters, with the general-in-chief and his staff.

La Generale, eh? She could guess how the cantonments, the barracks, the officers, the entire army, were talking, just as Junot said. In those days the only emotion that had survived the guillotine was an amused cynicism. Women dressed as men. Religion, ethics, morals, restraint, had all been swept away. As for the army here in Egypt—well, the generals were men like the rest. General Menou had become a Muhammadan and married numerous wives; Menou, the fiery republican, who had presented France with the Tricolor!

Junot rose. "By the way, the general requested that you wear your yellow gown; you may know what he means by that."

She nodded, laughing a little. The gown she had worn to the Tivoli dance. A bit daring, yes; it suggested, half revealed, lent her slim lines new grace. Offense, by all means! The offensive why not?

"I shall do no such thing," she rejoined. "Tell him that he can dictate to his army, but my clothes are my own affair."

Junot grinned, and tossed her another folded paper.

"All right. Here's a private letter for you. A carriage will come for you at two o'clock. Au revoir, and the best luck in the world! You're a pert, saucy bit of fluff, but there's iron in you. Whenever you need a bit of help, call on me."

Junot swaggered off as he had come, lusty, vulgar, gruffly friendly. She opened the letter; a love letter, the first she had ever received. Hastily scrawled, barely legible in places, here was the very spirit of Bonaparte hurled headlong at her in a wild and chaotic outburst. It was impassioned, with no restraint whatever. The sheer love-force of it was terrific. Again she felt herself gripped by this superhuman energy, his volcanic love was boyish, absorbing, complete, yet cruelly insistent and dominant with its furious ecstasy.

She felt as though updrawn in some wild dream.

Reality—the stone glinting cold fire in her hand. She kissed it passionately, pressed her eyes upon it, drank in its glittering brilliance. Yes, it was like that man; it was like the new thing wakened in herself. After all, she had not lived, she was scarcely a woman, she had looked up at the world, not down at it. Now she was beginning to look down. And the flaming energy of this sallow little Corsican demigod played about her like the lambent fire of the diamond that fairly sang in her blood.

It did not occur to her that there was anything important about the invitation for this afternoon. She forgot that the diamond, besides the quality of brilliant hardness, also possessed an insidious and terrible guile that was irresistible.

Always the offensive! This thought came back to her with new force, as she swept a practical eye over the immediate present. She had no money, she was alone in a far land. Those facets of rainbow fires instilled new considerations, struck from her mind sparks of common sense. On the defensive, she would perish here miserably, facing a future of terror. Only the offensive wins—take it quickly!

She wakened suddenly to fleeting time.

The yellow dress—Bonaparte remembered that, and liked it! Deliberately, she chose a voluminous white robe, a white-trimmed hat of leghorn straw she had fashioned with her own milliner's hands.

The headquarters of the general-in-chief had formerly been the palace of Elfi Bey, one of the richest and greatest Mameluke chieftains. In the luxurious courtyard, beneath gay Bagdad-woven awnings, the general and his staff entertained.

The palace itself was the very acme of Eastern luxury; that was why the little Corsican, inured to poverty and deprivation, had seized upon it avidly. It was of three stories, built about a courtyard which was shaded by magnificent trees and cooled by running fountains. Flowering orange and jasmine blooms scented the air.

Heaped everywhere were cushions and rugs, rare fabrics from the looms of Shiraz and Khorassan and Tabriz. The woodwork was delicately inlaid with ivory and pearl shell. The stairs mounting to the upper floors were gay with bright tiles and bordered by graceful marble columns. The windows overlooking the patio were glorious examples of the carven woodwork screens peculiar to Egypt.

On the terrace, the "ladies of the army" were welcomed by Bonaparte, and as many of his staff as were in the city. To her own surprise, Pauline found the thin, sallow man with dark hair dangling about his ears to be suddenly charming, not only to herself but to all the others.

He was unexpectedly gay, abandoned, jesting like a boy, apparently in a wild ebullition of high spirits. Even the officers who knew him best were astonished and darted inquiring glances one at another—all except Junot, who remained impassive, gruff, cynical as ever.

The party was gay; the hot dry air was electric. Cooled sherbet, that delicious Moslem drink so new to French palates, was served abundantly. Junot, sitting beside Pauline and gabbing away with anecdotes of the Italian campaign, turned and reached for a large dish of it.

The dish slipped in his clumsy fingers. There was a crash. Junot leaped to his feet in affected dismay. Cries arose from all around. The dish, before breaking, had emptied itself into the lap of Pauline.

"Quiet, quiet! Junot, you clumsy idiot, what have you done?" Bonaparte, with a furious exclamation, was at her side instantly. "Citoyenne, you must allow us to repair the damage. Ah, the pity of it! I'll show you where the dress may be changed. I think we can replace it with something. No, no, don't move! Your whole dress is stained and soaked. Here, allow me."

Before she knew his intent, he stooped above her, lifted her from her chair with amazing strength, and picking her up bodily carried her across the courtyard to the stairs.

Laughing into her eyes, holding her close, his dark thin features all ablaze with triumph and ecstasy, he carried her up the stairs. She could not protest; the grip of his arms about her, the quiver of his hands, the emotion that shook him, held her breathless. Always the offensive! She realized, suddenly, that the whole thing had been planned.

Bonaparte paused, his eyes flaming into hers.

"It is marriage, do you understand?" he murmured. "Marriage. I'll divorce that woman in Paris, the nonpareil I return. A son, a son; give me a son, my dear, and I'll give you all the world in return!"

He glanced past her at Rustem, his giant Mameluke bodyguard, who was holding aside a door. His voice leaped out.

"Rustem! Let no one enter—"

TAMYRA roused herself, wakened again to the present, lost the vision. She was sitting here, at the workbench, still holding the two white stones in the sunlight.

"What has happened?" She started abruptly, glanced at the Jeweler. "How long have I been here?"

"Perhaps two minutes," and the Jeweler smiled. "You'll tell me, later, what you felt. First, which of those two stones is the diamond, my dear?"

She looked again at them, into the heart of each white stone. The one with the double-refracting facets of fire, she lowered and put aside. The other, brilliant-hard as adamant, wakened recognition in her soul; she seemed again to hear the harsh, impatient voice of the sallow Corsican. She turned and extended the stone to the Jeweler.

"This is it."

"Right," he said. "A single hard, clear ray of light—right! The experiment is successful."

Next Week—Tamyra and the Opal of Atlantis.

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Recipes Readers Request

Lemon Meringue.

BEAT 4 eggs whites until frothy. Gradually beat in 8 tablespoons sugar and beat until mixture holds its shape in peaks. Add 4 teaspoons lemon juice. Spread on pie. Brown in a moderate oven, or at about 300 to 325 degrees, for 15 minutes, or until delicately browned.

French-Fried Onions.

CUT large mild white onions in ¼-inch slices. Carefully separate slices into rings without breaking rings. Dip rings in cold milk and then coat with flour. Fry in hot deep fat heated to 365 or 375 degrees. Drain, sprinkle with salt and serve immediately.

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